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SIXPENCE.  
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## A CHAT WITH MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

### THE LATEST GLOBE-TROTTER.

Three or four days after the return of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Scott to England I called upon him. As everyone knows through the charmingly graphic letters which he has lately contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, he has been round the world, and he has brought back with him, if not the "spoils of the East," yet many beautiful and interesting souvenirs of his travels, especially some lovely embroideries and inlaid and carved plaques. But these are in case and crate, and still unpacked; his impressions, however, were at liberty, and were, as he said, entirely at my service.

"Please tell me, Mr. Scott, now that you have been round the world, did you find it flatter than you expected—were you disillusioned?" I asked, as I seated myself in his luxurious chambers, which are filled with a choice collection of the "pickings up" of many years.

"No; I can't say that. I had a very pleasant trip, but I am heartily glad to get back again. And I find all English colonists, however comfortable their quarters may be, entertain the same love of home. I can assure you that when I was in Chicago I used to 'tip' the guard of the saloon carriage exhibited by the L. and N.W. Railway Company to let me sit in it while I read an English newspaper—the *Daily Telegraph*, naturally—and fancied myself speeding along, say, somewhere between Crewe and Euston. I own that is the luxury of travelling, not stuffy and hot like the American cars. Even the Canadian Pacific car, which stood side by side with it, only moderately compares with the English carriage."

"Well, and what did you think of the Chicago Exhibition?"

"Architecturally as a building it is superb. My great regret is that it will all be pulled down, even the solid English structure, designed by Colonel Edis, which cost £14,000, in order to convert the ground into a people's park."

"And what have you to say to the World's Fair as an Exhibition?"

"Alas! it is a miserable affair, an utter failure, and principally owing to mismanagement, and so cramped with restrictions. It was a long time before permission was given to the public to smoke in the grounds, and it was only just before I left that Sunday opening was decided in the affirmative. Villiers was actually arrested for using a kodak. I wish they had arrested me, I wanted so much to see the inside of a patrol wagon. I tried to get up a little difficulty on purpose with the officials, declaring that I had been molested, but I couldn't 'bring it off.' Perhaps they had an idea who I was, so they were not to be 'had.'"

"But what about the exhibits themselves?"

"Well, many of the foreign countries, especially Germany, have arranged theirs in departments with beautiful façades, with iron gates, &c.,

but the English exhibits are scattered about on stalls promiscuously, like at the Crystal Palace or Earl's Court. However, the English picture galleries are very fine, and the general horticultural department is most praiseworthy. To me, the most enjoyable part of the Exhibition was the Midway Plaisance, where the shows are chiefly collected."

"You think the Fair will, financially, be a great failure?"

"Unquestionably, a very heavy loss will fall on the guarantors, but it is not only these who will suffer; private enterprise will be sadly injured. All around you see half-built hotels, mere carcasses, which it will not pay to finish, while the hotels which are open are only half filled."

"Let me see; I think, after visiting Egypt in the spring last year, you stayed in Ceylon?"

"Yes, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The Ceylon tea plantations are most charming; indeed, up-country life left nothing to be desired."

"And then you went on to India, with its glorious magnificence?"

"That's all very well, but I like a comfortable hotel *tant même*, and that you certainly can't get even in Calcutta and Bombay. Indian hotels are really beneath contempt. Just fancy being asked to dine with the Viceroy, and having to dress by the light of two tallow-dip candles stuck into whisky bottles! I can assure you a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has higher ambitions in the way of comfort." This incident was so comical that, naturally, we both laughed over it. Presently Mr. Scott added, "The opportunity presented of employing British capital in the building of good hotels in India deserves, in my opinion, serious consideration. You don't find this glaring want in Hong-Kong, Singapore, and other English settlements: then why in India?"

"Well, now, speaking of Hong-Kong reminds me to ask you how you liked China."

"Immensely. China has, in my opinion, never received sufficient praise, while Japan seems to me lamentably overrated. As for its art, it is a complete sham. Granted that the people are marvellously imitative, but they are not true artists, they are not a bit creative. Then, travellers rave about the

flowers of Japan; I have never seen anything that comes up to our English mays, laburnums, and other flowering trees and shrubs."

"Of course, you went, with your critical taste, to the theatres?"

"Yes, I did, and was immensely pleased. They have an intense dramatic instinct—of course, very realistic, but still I found their plays most interesting. A little long, perhaps, say from nine to seven, but then you live in the theatre, so to speak, during the day of performance. I was greatly delighted with one of their actors who dances during the interludes, besides taking part in the acting of the drama. Yes, Danjuro is a great man, equal in eminence, for instance, to Irving here."

"I think when I next meet Henry Irving I shall suggest his imitating Mr. Danjuro during the interludes. It would make a big draw."



Photo by Max Platz, Chicago.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Wouldn't Toole enjoy it? But tell me what did you think of Honolulu?"

"It's a delightful climate, and I quite enjoyed my stay. By-the-bye, I think it's a pity our ladies over here don't imitate their English sisters there in riding, male fashion, with divided skirts. No one thinks it odd there, and the girls look very charming in their pretty habits."

"Now, beyond your *Daily Telegraph* articles, did you use your pen, Mr. Scott?"

"Certainly. I wrote several dramatic critiques in America, and twice I wrote four leaders for as many Sunday papers; besides, I am preparing a book for the press, which I shall call 'Unjapaned Japan.'"

"What an excellent title! I shall look forward to it with much interest."

Before I left, Mr. Scott showed me a curious water-pipe, but he has not quite got into the way of using it, so no apprehension need be felt at present that he will bring it out at the Garrick Club. He seems to have had some tender passages with a Chinese lady—at any rate, he knows her age, namely thirty-five—and she has given him a pair of diminutive shoes, two inches long, while he described to me the assiduous endeavours made by some Japanese girls to teach him the use of "chopsticks." Having brought these with him, there is a possibility of his using them at the next Theatrical Fund dinner. T. H. L.

#### NOTICE.

A special number of *The Sketch* will appear on Monday on the occasion of the royal wedding. Our special, which is issued in a very attractive cover, will be lavishly illustrated with pictures bearing on every aspect of the event. Portraits of the bride and bridegroom printed in colours. Seventy-two pages. Price one shilling. At all newsagents'.

In our next issue we shall include a title-page to Vol. I. of *The Sketch*, which has been specially designed by Mr. Dudley Hardy, and also a complete Index to the Contents for the convenience of those who are binding the volume.

We regret that our portrait of Miss Ada Rehan as Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" last week was attributed to a photograph by Sarony, of New York, whereas it was by Mr. Bassano, of Old Bond Street.

**LYCEUM.**—MR. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager. BECKET, To-night (Wednesday) and To-morrow Night at 8.20. CHARLES I., next Friday night at 8.20. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, MATUREE, Saturday next, at 2. KING HENRY VIII., next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Nights. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by Letter or Telegram.—LYCEUM.

#### LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

(West Coast Route.)

Commencing July 1,

#### NEW CORRIDOR TRAINS,

with Refreshment and Dining Cars attached, for

#### FIRST AND THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS,

will be run between

LONDON (Euston) and GLASGOW (Central)

at the following times—

LONDON (Euston) ...	dep. 2 0	GLASGOW (Central) ...	dep. 2 0
Birmingham ...	3 35	Preston ...	arr. 6 17
Liverpool (Exchange) ...	5 50	Manchester (Victoria) ...	7 26
Manchester (Victoria) ...	5 35	Liverpool (Exchange) ...	7 2
Manchester (Exchange) ...	5 40	Birmingham ...	9 20
Preston ...	6 37	LONDON (Euston) ...	10 45
GLASGOW (Central) ...	arr. 10 45		

LUNCHEON, DINNER, and other REFRESHMENTS will be served en route at the following charges—

LUNCHEONS (served after Departure of Train).

Fir. Class, 2s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s.

Also à la carte at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

TEAS (Served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.).

Pot of Tea, Roll and Butter, 6d.

Other Refreshments at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

DINNER (Table d'Hôte) (served after leaving Preston).

First Class, 3s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s. 6d.

Commencing Aug. 1, in addition to the Refreshment and Dining Cars to and from Glasgow, a Refreshment and Dining Saloon will be run to and from Edinburgh, and Corridor Vehicles also placed in circuit between Liverpool and Manchester, and Edinburgh and Glasgow. Until this arrangement comes into operation, Passengers for Edinburgh and the North can make use of the Glasgow Refreshment and Dining Saloon as far as Carlisle.

FREDERICK HARRISON General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

London, June 1893.

#### MIDLAND RAILWAY.

From July 3,

#### FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES

will be attached to

#### NEW AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS,

which will be run between

LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and GLASGOW (ST. ENOCH),

as follows:

LONDON (St. Pancras) ...	dep. 1 30	GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ...	dep. 1 30
Leicester ...	2 40	Leeds ...	arr. 6 27
Nottingham ...	3 58	Sheffield ...	7 23
Sheffield ...	4 55	Nottingham ...	10 17
Leeds ...	5 20	Leicester ...	8 43
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ...	arr. 10 45	LONDON (St. Pancras) ...	10 45

Connections with these trains will be given to and from Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Blackburn, and other points.

#### TARIFF OF REFRESHMENTS SERVED EN ROUTE:

LUNCHEONS.	TEAS.	DINNER (Table d'Hôte).
(Served from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.)	(Served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.)	(Served at about 6.30 p.m.)
First Class, 2s. 6d.	Pot of Tea with Roll and Butter, 6d.	First Class, 3s. 6d.
Third Class, 2s. 0d.	Other Viands at Buffet charges as per daily bill of fare.	Third Class, 2s. 6d.

See special bills issued by the Company.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

**QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY,**  
via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steamship Co. of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkstone Quay) for Esbjerg, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.3 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 5s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the steam-ships Koldinghus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

#### OUR OWN COUNTRY.

"Someone had blundered." That is the verdict that must be arrived at as the cause of the Victoria disaster. Admiral Tryon attempted to perform a certain manœuvre with the vessels at a distance of six cables apart, although it had been suggested that an eight cable distance was advisable. Rear-Admiral Markham demurred, but at last, on an imperative signal, obeyed orders, and the Victoria was lost.

To save the vessel was obviously impossible. Still, the utmost calmness and the most perfect discipline prevailed on board the ill-fated ship. Many men had not time to reach the deck, so sudden was the sinking of the vessel, while the suction caused by the sinking accounts for a considerable proportion of the lives lost.

"There was no unseemly rush as to who should be the first man into the water," says one of the saved officers in recounting Admiral Tryon's order to every man to save himself. "Nor were there any examples of selfishness, or any outrages upon the better sensibilities in the general attempt to escape from the sinking ship. Every man appeared to realise that every other man was entitled to a chance, and I saw some acts of heroism that will be a lasting credit to the British sailor."

Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, who has succeeded Sir George Tryon, comes of a naval family, and has served in the Navy for forty-three years. He has seen a great deal of active service in all parts of the world, including the Crimea, Burmah, and China.

The Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon has been made a peer. His nephew, Lord Aberdeen, who is beginning to follow in the lines of Sir Arthur's colonial career, made a favourable impression on his first appearance as Governor-General designate at the dinner in celebration of the Canadian "Dominion Day" held on Saturday.

Mr. Gladstone, while visiting one of his most recent converts, Lord Dysart, on Saturday, was descending the stairs, when he slipped and sprained his ankle.

The golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was celebrated on Coronation Day. The happy ceremony of fifty years ago took place in Buckingham Palace, being performed by Archbishop Howley. The fact that the Grand Duchess is sister to the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck makes the occasion peculiarly interesting at this moment.

England was consecrated to the "Blessed Mother of God and to the Prince of the Apostles" with imposing magnificence at the Brompton Oratory on Thursday. The ceremony was the outcome of the English pilgrimage to the Pope two months ago, when his Holiness expressed a wish to renew England's dedication to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter. There were two services, attended by very brilliant congregations.

The first quarter of the financial year which ended on Friday cannot be regarded as satisfactory. The total produce was £21,075,623. A serious decrease is shown in the yield of the taxes, amounting, as compared with the corresponding quarter last year, to £713,611.

The International Arbitration Association—the title frightens the flippant reader, but even the airiest of readers will find an interest in arbitration when he notes that Dr. Conan Doyle figured at the meeting of the Association on Friday, and pleaded earnestly for a special and permanent treaty of arbitration between this country and the United States.

The opening of the National Workmen's Exhibition at Islington on Saturday by the Prince of Wales was heralded by singing a verse from the "Old Hundredth," and closed by the performance of an "Ode to Labour."

Literary forgeries are only a corollary to curio-collecting. The latest artist in this peculiar domain of ingenuity is an Edinburgh young man, Alexander Howland Smith, known to his fellow-citizens as "Antique Smith." This gentleman's "Burns' MSS." were boldly exposed by the enterprising persistency of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, which has had its reward in seeing Alexander Howland Smith incarcerated for twelve calendar months.

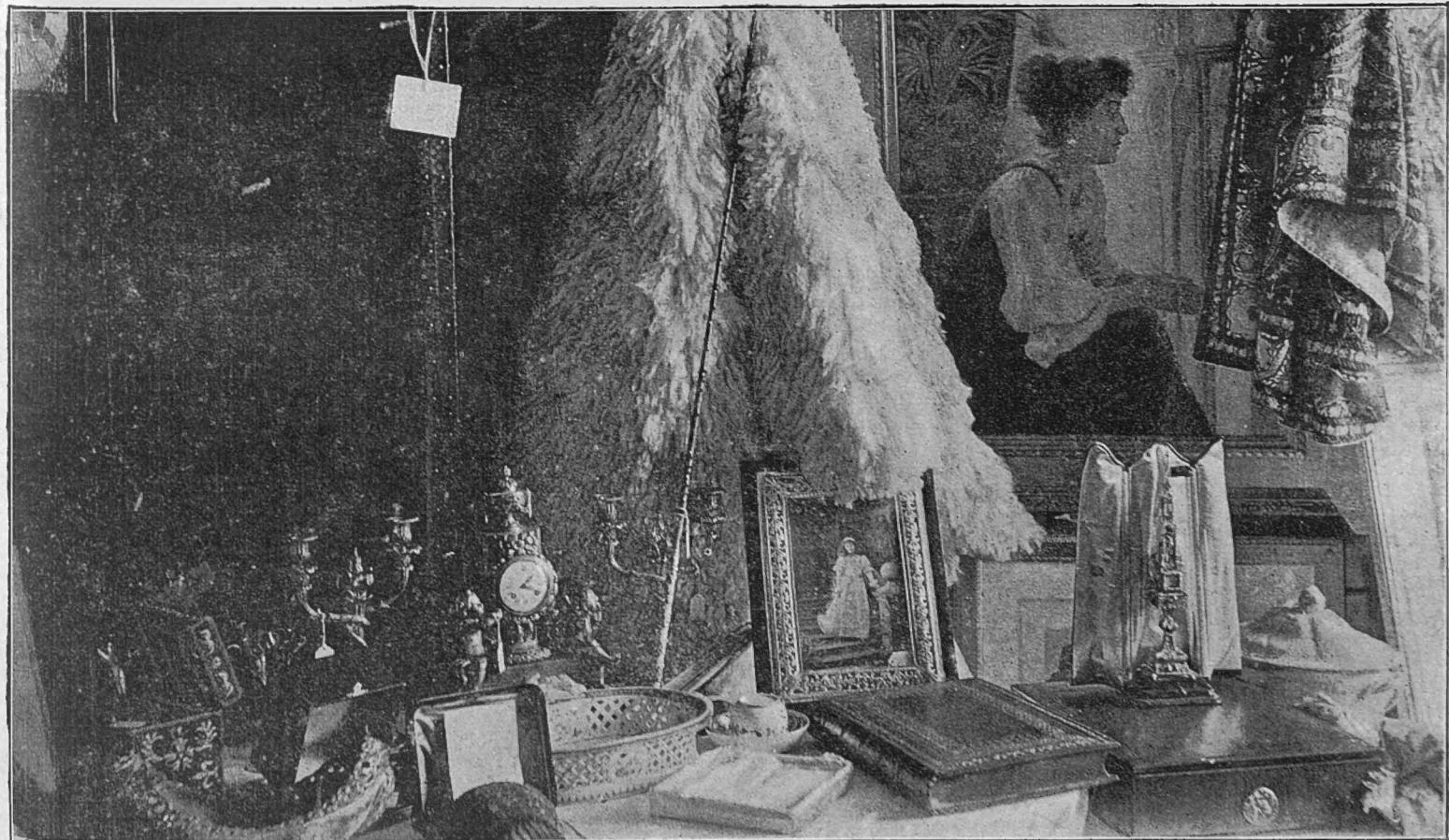
Noble deeds may be more than Norman blood; certainly they are more than Norman castles—in the present state of the property market. Only the other day, Hedingham, in Essex, the finest Norman keep in existence, failed to find a purchaser, and last week Studley, in Warwickshire, shared a similar fate.

The mysterious hoarding that has disfigured Piccadilly Circus for so many months has at last disappeared, and the magnificent memorial to Lord Shaftesbury, on which Mr. Alfred Gilbert has been at work for such a long time, has been disclosed. Not the least interesting thing about the memorial is its inscription, from the fact of its being the composition of Mr. Gladstone. The Premier does not overstate the case one whit when he says of Lord Shaftesbury that "During a public life of half a century he devoted the influence of his station, the strong sympathies of his heart, and the great powers of his mind to honouring God by serving his fellow-men, an example to his order, a blessing to this people, and a name to be by them ever gratefully remembered."

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

*From Photographs by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.*

PRESENTS DISPLAYED IN THE CORRIDOR AT WHITE LODGE.



A CORNER IN PRESENTS AT WHITE LODGE.

## THE OPENING OF DALY'S THEATRE.

The march of the theatres westward is a significant fact, and one of evil omen for the three at the east end of the Strand. The last addition to the theatres of London is also, of course, situated at the West End. However, mere position is by no means the most striking feature of the new theatre. It is the most original and successful in decoration of the London theatres. The exterior is pleasing, but not remarkable; it is the interior that we admire. The ordinary gilding of theatres is not to be seen; in its place is what we are told is silver-leaf rendered of a golden bronze by a lacquer. The effect is charming, except where large masses are used, as in the proscenium arch and boxes. There the work looks rather sad and flat. The other colouring mainly employed is silver and deep crimson, and the effect is very rich, without being oppressively gorgeous. In all the colouring there is a breadth of treatment which avoids the "spotty" effect common in our theatres.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature is the large amount of modelling in high and low relief which decorates the auditorium—nymphs, cupids, boats and waves being the chief features employed. The modelling shows a delightful force and freedom, and, in fact, has little of the mechanical uniformity one sadly expected. It is real art work. The two large figures of Fame at the corner of the proscenium arch are impressive, but their merit could not be judged by the light in the theatre on the first night—so dark was it that one could not really make out what they were holding in their hands.

The curtain is gorgeous, of a rose-coloured brocade, with conventionally drawn thistles in gold, which give a delightful effect, without being in the least gaudy. The drop scene is not altogether a success—it is rather pretty, in a bonbon box style, but not strong in design or in the least original. However, it does not fall behind the other drop scenes of London, which, almost without exception, are a sore trial to the dramatic critics.

Comfort has been studied in the new theatre, and there is plenty of space to move about in, and easy access to the different parts of the house. If, however, the theatre is to be much used for matinées, I suggest that a little catch should be fixed behind the seats to hold umbrellas and sticks. On the whole, the theatre may be called a beautiful piece of decoration, for which great praise is due to Mr. Lock, of Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

The opening night showed Mr. Daly that it will be his own fault if his theatre is not a success. The greeting of a crowded house of fashionable folk was really enthusiastic. Miss Ada Rehan, of course, received an ovation, and, indeed, the applause was so direct and energetic when she first appeared that for a few moments she could not control her voice for the purpose of reciting Mr. Clement Scott's graceful occasional verses. Then came the National Anthem, immediately followed by "The Star-Spangled Banner." If I were an American I should object to having them sung so close together; the difference in quality is disastrous.

What is to be said of the performance of "The Taming of the Shrew"? Frankly speaking, I think that it has been played quite often enough by the company. What really is the play? Were the French amiss in calling it "brutal"? To find fault with Shakspere is rash, but may one not suggest that this play should join the unacted works of the great dramatist? Suppose it were produced with another name attached to it, what would one say? Who would deny, then, that it is a clumsy farce, with tedious comic business in it and no flavour of real comedy—that it is a work which preaches a brutal idea of the relation of the sexes. Grant that some of the dialogue is admirable, and that there are two fine acting parts, who can pretend that it is not tedious?

And two fine acting parts—there's the rub! When only one of them is finely acted, what excuse for the play? I yield to no one in admiring Miss Ada Rehan's Katharine, though I think she has now taken to forcing the part a little in the earlier scenes, in which some of her screams of rage are unconvincing. Yet she is not a "double-headed nightingale," and cannot take both voices in the duet. A duet with only one voice was what the performance amounted to. This may seem rude to Mr. George Clarke, who played Petruchio, but it is the truth, and not my fault that it is true. The critics, anxious to be polite, were compelled to call his performance "sound and conscientious." Everyone knows what those epithets mean. I believe they are libellous. So all one can say is that all those who have not seen Miss Ada Rehan as Katharine will be wise if they rush to see one of the most admirable performances of the century, and that those who have seen her with Mr. John Drew had better wait for the next production at the charming new theatre.

E. F.-S.

A rather novel plan has been put in operation by Messrs. Spiers and Pond at their numerous restaurants. To save the dyspeptics among their customers (and we fear there must be many among so large a concourse of diners) the trouble of carrying with them their own digestive, this enterprising firm supplies that excellent digestive Pepsalia in the form of table salt. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of easier methods for obtaining your favourite medicine or tonic? Why, instead of carrying a small bottle about with us, should we not be able to get our three-hourly dose of, say, Marza, the new tonic wine, at our luncheon place, or, indeed, at any respectable wine bar?

## THE SKETCH.

## THIRD WEEK OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

The French company has done work remarkable in variety during the past week. From "Frou-Frou" to "Cédipe Roi," with "Ruy Blas" in between, seems a very wide range, yet one admirably traversed, although there has been no performance of startling quality. The truth is that the company is notable for general excellence, but seems to have no artist possessed of actual genius. Indeed, one may go so far as to say that the acting never deceives one as to the quality of the thing acted—it neither can give life to a poor work nor ruin a good one.

"Frou-Frou," a play of remarkable freshness and force, additionally interesting from the similarity of its theme to that of "A Doll's House," gave us an exquisite piece of acting by Madame Barretta as the serious sister Louise, who brings about her dear sister's ruin while only seeking her happiness. Madame Marie Louise Marsy, whose true line seems the part of evil women, was rather hard and heavy-handed as poor Frou-Frou, the fascinating feather-brained heroine. Her work was very clever, but she has not the needful daintiness of touch. Madame Ludwig was charming as the cold-blooded fashionable woman, intensely curious about vice, depraved in mind, but coldly virtuous, and M. Le Bargy made a manly wicked lover. M. de Féraudy had not social style enough for the butterfly heroine's butterfly father.

"Ruy Blas" fell a little flat. Hugo's play is delightful to read, almost as delightful as its curious preface, but it moves very slowly on the stage. Nor was the performance of M. Mounet-Sully as the hero satisfactory. The dramatist when he made the lacquey suddenly become grandee of Spain left no traces of vulgar origin in him, but unwittingly the actor put them in by extravagant outbursts that destroyed the dignity which he occasionally lent to the character. The Don César de Bazan of M. Baillet was a dull, commonplace performance of a splendid part. Madame Bartet was charming as the rather sketchy queen, and M. Paul Mounet was really impressive as Don Salluste, one of the most hateful creatures of modern drama.

"Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie" is one of the most delightful plays in the repertory. M. E. Pailleron has almost dispensed with plot, yet by wit in dialogue and skill of character drawing has written a long play without a dull moment in it. The success of the evening belongs to Madame Ludwig, who, as Suzanne, the rompish heroine, acted with charming gaiety. Madame Pierson was a fascinating duchess, and Mlle. Reichenberg, or Reichenberg, for, like the catechism answer, she seems to be "n" or "m," was very amusing as the amorous young wife who has to pretend to be serious.

"Cédipe Roi" sounded terrifying, and I feared that to have five acts of Sophocles literally translated by M. Jules Lacroix would be wearisome. Nothing of the sort, however. From the moment when the curtain rose to the admirable music of M. Membrelle, and disclosed the company cleverly grouped in Greek costume outside the Temple of Apollo, till it fell on the grim words, "Ne proclamons heureux nul homme avant sa mort," the audience was fascinated by the awful tragedy, for no adjective, save the often misused one, seems adequate. Everyone, of course, knows the story of the play, one of such horror that no modern dramatist would touch it or would be allowed to. M. Mounet-Sully, by the dignity of the part, was so far kept in check that he allowed himself to give a performance which, though several times marred, was of great power. MM. Paul Mounet, Silvain, and Vernon declaimed their lines admirably, and all the company showed by its reverent, skilful work the benefit of its consistent training. The other plays of the week I have dealt with before.

E. F.-S.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

In "Fireworks" Messrs. F. C. Philips and P. Fendall have hardly done their best. Yet they have nearly, if not quite, reached success. Indeed, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey and a real farcical comédienne in the company, with better mounting and quicker acting, "Fireworks" might be as successful as almost any of its forefathers. Forefathers I say, because the authors doubtless would admit that, except in small touches of character and one scene, their play bears a strong family likeness to the whole tribe of farcical comedies. The scene I mention is very funny. We have a parson—the rollicking, jolly parson I never met off the stage—who takes a barmaid to dine at Romano's. His conduct is better than it seems—indeed, he could defend himself to his bishop by pleading that he is charitably trying to get a friend out of a scrape. Now, the waiter is a friend of the barmaid's family, and, to the infinite vexation of the parson, his guest and the waiter keep up an animated conversation, in which he cannot take a part.

Of course, some of the acting was good. We have but one Lottie Venne, and when she plays the barmaid, named appropriately Fireworks, and has a song and a dance, there is bound to be hearty laughter for all who are not blind or deaf. Mr. Wyes presented a fine picture of that oppressive person the elderly English waiter, and even his curious shuffling, slouching gait was shown. Mr. A. Maltby had a good part as the parson, in which he was very funny, while carefully avoiding exaggeration.

M. Mounet-Sully, who has been *hors de combat* owing to an accident, is well enough to act.

Dr. Ibsen is building a home for himself in Christiania as well as in the hearts of his English admirers. He is a great lover of pictures, of which he will have a large number in his new house.



"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AT DALY'S THEATRE.



## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

With us, as with everybody else, I am glad to say, the drought is a thing of the past. From the centre of France comes the news of continuous rain and floods. The embankments of the rivers Erieux, Lez, and La Falobres have been broken down, while a fine new bridge over the Erieux has been completely demolished and carried away. Great damage is also reported in the mountainous department of the Rhone. So far, the prophecy of a cold, wet summer seems not improbable. Last Sunday was more than raw and chilly, and one was thankful to see a fire in the grate once more, in spite of it being but a day after Midsummer Day.

General Borius, the head of the household and Secretary-General of the President of the Republic, has had the honour of receiving from the King the Grand Cordon of the Crown of Roumania. This is looked upon as a great act of friendliness between Roumania and France.

A very gay luncheon was organised by the many admirers of Zola to fête the appearance of the great author's recent work, "Docteur Pascal," the last of the Rougon-Macquart series, which has taken just twenty-five years to complete. The déjeuner took place upon the beautiful island on the Grand Lac, Bois de Boulogne, in a large marquee, at which seventy-five persons were present, including, of course, M. Zola himself. Many toasts were drunk, and the entertainment passed off with the greatest success.

One of the last, probably the very last survivor of the battle of Waterloo has recently expired. Pierre Louis Schreuder was born in Paris on June 26, 1796, consequently he was nearly a centenarian at the time of his death. He was at one time a captain of Sappers and Miners. He retained his faculties to the last, and was never weary of relating his share in and all the incidents of "La Belle Alliance," as he persisted in calling our great victory.

The management of the Opéra have lately discovered among the chorus girls a young lady with a magnificent voice. They are arranging to have her properly taught, and expect great things of her. The fortunate girl's name is Mdlle. Mathieu.

A most sad accident has happened to the Marquis de Mirabelle de Neyrien, which throws a good many of the best families of France into mourning. He was riding from Chabeuil to Valence, when his horse shied violently at some cows in the road, throwing him to the ground. Death was instantaneous, his skull being completely broken. The unfortunate Marquis was only thirty years of age, and very popular with everybody.

I regret to announce the death of Madame de Blowitz (*née* Arnaud d'Agnel), wife of the Paris correspondent of the *Times*. The bereaved husband has been deeply touched by the sympathy shown him by his numerous friends. The body was interred in the Arnaud d'Agnel vault at Marseilles.

An old fisherman at St. Servan, Brittany, has been lucky enough to win the great prize in the last drawing of the Panama lottery bonds, value £10,000.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has once more been the victim of a theft. The artiste is now at Rio Janeiro, and the other night, while performing at the theatre, an Italian porter, belonging to the hotel, entered her bed-room and stole a small Russia leather bag, which contained jewellery to the value of £15,000. The maid in whose care the jewels were left was asleep on a sofa at the time, and the thief got comfortably away, and no trace has been found of him since. Madame Bernhardt is desolate, as many of the ornaments were valued as well as valuable souvenirs from illustrious people, given to her during her tours in Russia, Austria, and Italy. It is extraordinary that actresses seem especially so careless about their diamonds. Often, no doubt, it is done as a *réclame*, but the divine Sarah has no need of such expensive way of advertising herself. She ought to train her lioness to watch over her treasures, or, failing that, put up a corpse or mummy from her varied museum to warn or scare off intruders and thieves.

Pierre Loti intends making a journey or pilgrimage to Jerusalem in November. He starts from Cairo, accompanied by twelve Arabs on horseback and two camels. A special caravan is being constructed for his own use, and he hopes to reach his journey's end by Christmas. He intends following the same route as that taken by the Holy Family in their flight. For a Frenchman, this journey is most enterprising.

A very smart company assembled at the reception of the Comtesse de Croy for the signature of the marriage of her granddaughter, Princesse Marguerite de Croy, and the Comte Théodule de Grammont. The pretty young bride-elect wore a beautiful dress of pale blue brocade, trimmed with flounces of point d'Alençon. The *corbeille* was magnificent, and included a diadem in wild roses and daisies in diamonds, three diamond necklaces, a necklace of ten rows of pearls (which must have cost a fortune), all kinds of beautiful old lace, both black and white, furs, &c.

MIMOSA.

## “ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS.”

The recommendations of the Indian Currency Committee are to be carried into effect by a Bill which Sir David Barbour, the Finance Minister of the Indian Government, introduced at the Legislative Council last week. The Indian mints are to be closed against the free coinage of silver so far as the public are concerned; but they will be made use of by the Government for the coinage of rupees in exchange for gold at the rate of 1s. 4d. per rupee.

The Viceroy, in explaining the scheme, pleaded his personal aversion to all attempts to give money or commodities a fictitious value; but he recognises that the time has come when inaction is impossible. The present momentous step is not taken with light hearts, but it is hoped that the scheme may be fruitful of good results.

The *Punjab Patriot* warmly supports the hint dropped by the Maharajah of Kapurthala that Lord Roberts may return to India as Viceroy. As one of Lord Roberts's chief qualifications for rule, we are told, is his "soldierly gift of obedience, so we believe that if he were informed that it was the wish of the British Government and the people of India that he should return to this country, there would be no hesitation in his mind about doing so. Still less question would there be about the splendid welcome that he would receive in coming."

Another veteran has fallen in the person of the Governor of Gibraltar, Sir Lowthian Nicholson. He saw service in the Crimea and the Mutiny, and became a Major-General before he was fifty-one. He went to Gibraltar in March 1891. The post is worth £5000 a year.

The carboniferous wealth of the Cape has been sketched in hopeful terms by Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Ipswich, who has just returned from travels in South Africa. "The coal industry in the colony," he says, "is likely to have a considerable future, although there are no proved coal-fields in the neighbourhood of Cape Town at present. The railway company is receiving a very large proportion of Free State coal, but much better coal than this is certainly obtained in the colony itself, and it is quite possible that in future many paying mines may be discovered. There is hardly any limit to the mineral wealth of this country. Its relative value to English coal is about two-thirds."

"Ostrich farming," he says, "is mostly carried on in Cape Colony, and is one of the most paying things in South Africa. At the present price of feathers, birds pretty well pay for themselves in the first year, and if you get boys who understand them they are very little trouble. They require more attention than cattle or sheep, however, and that is the reason why Dutchmen, as a rule, don't do much ostrich farming."

The Johannesburg *Critic* vehemently denies the presence of small-pox at the mines. "Fortunately," we are told, "the desire of the scare-mongers to terrify the natives and deplete the mines of workers has not met with success, and their machinations have only resulted in finding work for the unemployed and putting money into the pockets of canteen keepers."

Sir William Dawson has just resigned his principalship of McGill University, over which he has reigned for thirty-six years. The cause of higher education in the Dominion owes more to him than to any other man.

Western Australia is in luck, the theories of surveyors as to its auriferous soil having been confirmed by the discovery of some rich auriferous gold quartz reefs near Coolgardie. Four and a half tons of stone are said to have yielded the magnificent return of 9000 ounces of gold. After this the rich goldfields of Kimberley are thrown into the shade. A desperate rush may be expected to establish "claims."

South Australia, with a possible deficiency of £150,000 at the close of the financial year, is to devote itself to retrenchment. It is proposed that the Governor, Lord Kintore, on his retirement, shall be succeeded by the Hon. S. J. Way, the Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, so that some thousands a year may be saved. Economies are also contemplated in the Defence Department and the Civil Service.

The total length of the projected railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza is 657 miles, and the cost £2,240,000, or £3409 per mile. This is for a line with a 3 ft. 6 in. gauge, which is recommended in preference to the métre gauge, as it would conform to existing railways in Egypt and South Africa. It is advised that a telegraph line should be constructed simultaneously with the line at a cost of £32,850.

Sir Gerald Portal's mission to Uganda has been described by a correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt*. King Mwanga, we are told, trembled from head to foot when he saw Sir Gerald, and seemed to be in a state of wild dread. He begged for the present of a jacket, which was declined. Sir Gerald has formed a favourable impression of the country and the people, especially the Baganda negroes.

BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Best that money can buy.

BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Five gold medals.

BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Contains no alum.—[ADVT.]

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

The late scene in the French Chamber has seldom been equalled in comic opera or farce. The spectacle of the ardent patriot, thirsting to involve in one common infamy his political enemy and the inevitably perfidious Albion, and floundering more and more hopelessly in the ineffable rubbish of his supposed revelations, was one whose comicality would have been called absurdly impossible if presented on the stage. Should M. Millevoye, the devourer of Dufferin, suffer any loss of money through his connection with this huge, though unintentional practical joke, let him get his friend Déroulède, who is a poet, and does not seek to conceal the fact, to turn the business into a farcical comedy, and call it *Perfide Albion*.

What a part for a comedian would be that of Norton, the patriotic and white-haired mulatto, hailing ostensibly from Mauritius, but really, it would seem, from that home of cheap claret, Algeria! What a scene might one not have in the office of the too-confiding *Cocarde* when the editor and the "Mauritian patriot" should lay their heads together to thwart the deep designs of the infamous Lord Gladstone and his perfidious representative, Sir Dufferin! And what a "tag" would it make for the elderly *bourgeois* who had been duped, wilfully or unintentionally, by the parcel of knaves and fools associated in the imposture to close the play with the remark that he still believed there was something in the plot!

And, doubtless, there are many Frenchmen who still have a sort of unavowed idea that wherever or whenever France does not get exactly what she wants, or what they want for her, she has been thwarted by some discreditable dodge on the part of the English Government. The advent of a new party to power in England alters nothing. Lord Gladstone and the Duke of Rose du Barry, or whatever other name our Foreign Minister may assume, inherit all the venom of Sir Salisbury, retired to his lair in the Castle of Hatchfield. The same malign influence is ever at work, instigating a Siamese mandarin to murder a French engineer, starting the strike among the French cabmen, luring on true patriots to make themselves supremely ridiculous.

And, really, we are not such absolute fiends, after all. Many of our citizens, strange as it may seem, enjoy their after-dinner nap untroubled by the gnawing tooth of their envy of French greatness and glory. They seldom, if ever, laugh "Ha, ha!" and quaff "Ha, ha!" at the thought of Panama. And especially is it superfluous to charge them with a burning desire to buy M. Clémenceau or any French politician. What Dr. Johnson most unjustly said of the Scots and their country may be said of France and her public men. It would not be strange if the French were willing to sell their politicians or the politicians to sell themselves; the wonder would be if anyone cared to buy them.

Perhaps it is our insular phlegm; but we are, on the whole, less liable to suspicion of corruption than our neighbours across the Channel. And yet we have more provocation than they suffer. Whenever there is any dispute between England and another State certain members of a certain school of English politicians invariably take the side of the foreign Power with hardly a pretence of inquiry, and these "candid friends" of their own country are never more numerous than when the dispute is with France. Do we, therefore, say that our pure-souled politicians are receiving pensions from the Quai d'Orsay? Not we. We smile indulgently at the freaks of Mr. A. B., and declare that he is an irresponsible humourist; and if Mr. A. B. is seriously supported by Sir C. D. we merely remark that the latter has French proclivities. Which explains much.

And speaking of irresponsible humourists, I am naturally led to think of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. It will be a week before he sees these lines, by which time his red *Sun* will have risen and set for long enough to be a familiar object. Yet I must add my word of welcome to the new organ. Its colour is, perhaps, the healthiest pink now prevailing in journalism—a true red pink, without the usual sickly magenta tendency. The programme—perhaps I ought to say "program," but I cannot shake off old prejudices—of the paper is comparatively modest. It is not going to bring about the millennium at once; it admits—or its editor does—that democracy is not a necessary cure for all woes.

However, it is going always to back the claims of Labour (with the big L) to an increased share of the good things of earth—to more Tay and more Pay, as an Irishman might say. The Labour leader, such as Sir John of Battersea, is to be revered and cherished, to the confusion of the mere millionaire capitalist, no matter how copiously he may

subscribe to Liberal, yea, even Radical party funds. One seems to have a dim idea as to the identity of the capitalist at whom this sally is aimed. He has not asked for it, perhaps, but the able editor will see that he gets it—hot.

Finally, the personalities of the new paper, though abundant, are to be always genial and inoffensive. This is, indeed, good news; and the example of the *Sun* will be most beneficial, as it is much needed. Its geniality ought to put a stop to such scandals as a journalist describing a politician with whose views he disagrees as the type of a lost soul, or anything of that kind.

I see Mr. Lewis Morris has again supplied the lack of a Laureate by manufacturing the necessary ode for the royal wedding. Such diligence deserves reward. Perhaps it might excite too great hopes if he were named as the understudy for the post; but, at least, he might play the part in the provinces.

But why do those who write odes feel it necessary to construct them as a sort of ladder of longs and shorts, over which eye and tongue alike stumble? The irregular form is not really suited for English lyrics, unless used by an author whose sense of form is so exquisite and infallible that he disregards the ordinary rules of the stanza only to attain a higher beauty. Generally, those who set out to write the irregular rhymed verse known (rather inappropriately) as Pindaric have come to a bad end—indeed, to a great number of bad ends.

Mr. Swinburne has shown a more excellent way, by writing his odes in strict and definite metrical forms, with strophe and antistrophe and everything handsome about them. Save for an occasional uncertainty as to what they are all about, his odes are models of what English odes should be—if they should be at all—as to which I have my doubts. There is hardly another kind of verse that looks so easy to write and is so hard to write at all well.

One topic has of late eclipsed the royal marriage in public interest—the sinking of the Victoria. This is the great sorrow that has fallen across all national joys—a greater grief than when the ill-fated Captain disappeared. And yet the story, painful as it is, need not be altogether a source of nothing but grief. The calm heroism of all the doomed crew, to the very last, is a fit answer to those who would say that our men are degenerate. From the Admiral sinking at his post on the bridge to the marines who went below to die in a vain effort to close the partitions, to the engineers and stokers who tried to stop the engines, not one seems to have flinched in the face of death. It is a heavy blow to have lost so many brave men; but it is something that all that were lost were brave.

And then we turn to another side of our strange national life—a House of Commons, supposed to contain the cream of patriotic wisdom, droning along over the Navy Estimates, and only waking to a semblance of interest when some blatant bore conceives himself to be on the scent of some altogether unimportant and wretched job. "Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

Can this dull debating club be the mother of that heroism, or are these outward signs the manifestations of two different tendencies, working out their course along far different lines? Shall we ever come to a time when, as true patriotism during the Terror in France had taken refuge in the Army, all of real English manhood that remains will be found in the Navy? And will the new Cromwell of a future crisis order in a file of bluejackets or marines to clear the inveterate remnant of talkers out of their Babble Shop?

Armies are dangerous tools to use in politics. They cure anarchy only by the desperate remedy of despotism, and they are fit instruments for the autocrat against freedom at home and abroad. But at sea freemen have always beaten slaves. A sailor of the Navy is by training and surroundings a disciplined democrat, and as such he abhors not only despotism, but that attitude of revolt against all authority which some think to be freedom.

Perhaps our legislators will never need the harsh, if convincing, argument of the Gatling at point-blank range; yet it might be as well sometimes to moor a gunboat off their house, with guns duly trained on the windows of their hall—for a reminder rather than a threat.

And if matters came to a rupture, there would be excellent sport on the Terrace.

MARMITON.



AT THE TROCADERO.

## SMALL TALK.

At the many "at homes" where one is wont to meet operatic stars of great brilliance and magnitude the two De Reszkes are this season conspicuous by their absence. I understand that these gentlemen, who are almost as popular in the salon as they are upon the stage—a large order this—have been compelled to refuse "all and sundry" invitations, for in former times they have found the unstinted hospitality of which they have been the recipients almost as exhausting as their artistic work at Covent Garden. A friend, who knows them well, speaks of them as most interesting, delightful, and unassuming companions. In their own country, where they have a big estate, they are noted for their fondness of outdoor sports, are great supporters of horse-racing—I believe M. Jean de Reszke has lately won a big race at home—and ardent followers of the chase. There is nothing of the supposed effeminacy of the "operatic hero" about the De Reszkes.

Madame Adeline Dudlay is said by the leading Continental dramatic critics to have a great future before her, and her personation of the title rôle of *La Reine Juana* recalls some of Rachel's greatest triumphs. The daughter of a Belgian barrister, Madame Dudlay is the only foreigner who was ever made a sociétaire of the Théâtre Français. Her dramatic education took place entirely at the Brussels Conservatoire, where, however, she was the pupil of Madame Jeanne Dordes, a retired pensionnaire of the Comédie Française. Madame Dudlay won successively the second and then the first prize for tragedy, and M. Perin, then administrator of "La Maison

*de Molière*," happening to see her act, was struck with her beauty and her evident talents, and immediately engaged her for the Français. She made her débüt on the historic boards of the French National Theatre in a drama entitled "*Rome Vaincue*," in which, oddly enough, Sarah Bernhardt took the part of an old woman, while Madame Dudlay was the ingénue. Since that time *La Reine Juana* of to-day has played all Rachel's old rôles, Corneille, Racine—in a word, the whole of the Comédie's tragic and classical répertoire, while she has also personated not a few of Victor Hugo's heroines. Still, at the Théâtre Français it is no easy matter for a young actress to make her mark, and it was not till a short month ago that the production of "*La Reine Juana*," a tragedy written by Parodi—the author, by-the-way, in whose first play she made her débüt—gave Madame Dudlay the chance of which she so superbly availed herself.

Adeline Dudlay is a tall, handsome blonde, with a voice of extraordinary intonation and depth. Her favourite parts among her classic rôles are Hermione in "*Andromaque*" and Phèdre. It is well known in French theatrical circles that Sarah Bernhardt was not only willing but anxious to become a temporary member of the Comédie Française in order to create the part of mad Queen Joanna. Fortunately for Madame Dudlay, the divine Sarah and M. Claretie did not come to terms. If "*Ruy Blas*" is given this season at Drury Lane, Madame Dudlay will also be seen to great advantage, for it is one of her best parts.

Ladies in pale magenta, ladies in silvery grey, crowded Princes' Hall on a recent afternoon. The concert which attracted them was given by Mdlles. Louise and Jeanne Douste de Fortis, and fully deserved the large attendance. The first movement of Rubinstein's trio in B flat was spoilt by late arrivals, who, subsequently, during Mr. J. Wolff's violin solo, were excluded by the performer's stern wish. Mdlle Louise Douste de Fortis gave some charming pianoforte solos with a remarkable ease, which only constant practising could have produced, and her sister sang pleasantly. Miss Macintyre gave a song by Lawrence Kellie; she needs to be cautioned against indistinctness. Bach's concerto for two violins with piano accompaniment was fairly well played by Madame Breitner-Haft and Mr. Wolff, and Mr. J. Hollman reaped his usual harvest of applause. A humorous recitation by M. Galipaux enlivened the proceedings considerably.

Mr. C. J. Phipps, the well-known theatre architect, writes with regard to our interview with "London's Latest Theatre Architect": "The Vaudeville Theatre," he says, "was erected from my designs in 1874, and three years ago, on the renewal of the lease to Mr. Thorne, the whole of the frontage, with vestibules, foyer, &c., and the interior of the theatre were rebuilt and reconstructed from my designs and under my direction. The Tivoli was originally designed by Mr. Emden, and

was carried into execution under my superintendence. Both properties have, since their completion, passed into the hands of persons who are clients of Mr. Chadwick's, hence, possibly, the mistake in attributing these buildings to him. As regards the new theatre in Cranbourne Street, I was consulting architect to Mr. George Edwardes from the initial stage, and have acted, and am still acting, for Mr. Daly in a similar capacity."

There were a great many humours to be studied at the Exhibition of Home Arts and Industries in the Albert Hall last week. The circular gallery at the top, where the gods do generally congregate, is for four days the battle-ground of contending schools. Each little English town has its class, its teachers, and thinks its pots, its brass cups and vessels, its leather-embossing, its hand embroidery, infinitely superior to that of any other school there exhibiting. They all have a chance; in a circle none is first. At one stall we have Ruskin linen, plain or garnished, and embroidered after Greek designs. At another stall stands a potter assiduously moulding wet yellow clay for the benefit of gaping bystanders, which by-and-by issues a vase or a plate from his hands. An Icelandic lady in horned cap and gold ornaments dexterously cards white wool on a native distaff. Pretty, fashionable young ladies, in Welsh, or Breton, or Swedish costume, "weave the warp and wind the woof" of small hand-looms. The shade of Professor Ruskin seems to preside over all, and the linen he has been pleased to commend is traced with worsteds from the dye vats of William Morris. There is a great deal of energy, a great deal of enthusiasm, and a great deal of gossip. People go there to encourage rural industries, and to buy wedding presents which shall have no fellow on the table of the bride and be absolutely unexchangeable.

Sir Augustus and Lady Harris arranged for the guests at the evening garden party they gave "to meet Signor Mascagni" on the first day of last week a feast for the eye and ear of exceptional charm. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns and thousands of fairy lamps of every colour converted the grounds into a land of enchantment, while the Scots Guards discoursed most excellent music. Two items of remarkable interest in the programme were the selections from "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," from the fact that they were led by the composer himself, bâton in hand, and the other the variations on an old German Volkslied, parodying the respective styles of eleven celebrated German composers.

In the Oriental refreshment marquee, quite 90 ft. long, and illuminated by splendid chandeliers, I noticed a characteristic group which I wished I could photograph. Mascagni sat next to Madame Sigrid Arnoldson, to whom Sir Augustus chatted as he leant on the Erard grand behind her. On her left she had Madame Denza and Miss Bevignani, and the circle further comprised Randegger, Bevignani, Denza, Ardit, and Betjemann, while Mdlles. Marianne and Clara Eissler discussed congenial subjects with Madame Carl Rosa and Mr. Ganz. In the grounds I noticed Mr. Bancroft pointing out to Sir Richard Temple (who was accompanied by his niece, Miss Carnac) the church peeping through the trees where he was married; and I met Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry hastening to greet their hostess. Others whom I encountered were Hermann Vezin, Corney Grain, Weedon Grossmith, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Fanny Moody, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nicholls, and scores of other celebrities of light and leading. It was amusing to hear Mr. Corney Grain remark, as he inspected with evident interest and assumed envy a lovely bracelet which had been presented to a well-known actress, "I wish they'd make me such presents; I only get flowers and sponge-cakes."

The world has sustained a deplorable loss, I understand, in the irremediable fracture, while in the hands of the moulders, of the wax mask of the features of the late Poet Laureate, taken after death, under the direction of an eminent sculptor.

Society is taking very kindly to the excitement of "Chute" travelling at the World's Water Show, now that it has been shown that there is no danger of drowning, and that the waterproof wraps provided thoroughly protect the daintiest frocks. Indeed, the exercise is so fascinating that people return to it again and again. Captain Boyton conducts some of the descents himself, and has had the Duke of Teck and Lord and Lady Carrington and their daughters, Mrs. Langtry, and other well-known people among his passengers.

At the Lyric, the other evening, I found, as I anticipated, that La Duse's method by no means lends itself to the exposition of Shakspere's "*Cleopatra*." Indeed, I do not think that this in many respects most admirable actress could give adequate expression to any part demanding poetry or majesty. Yet, withal, so cleverly pourtrayed were the anger and the humour in her scene with the slave who brought the unwelcome tidings of Antony's marriage, so human the grief displayed when "home they brought her warrior" stricken for death, that one could at times have almost wished that Cleopatra had been the modern creation of some lesser mind. For those passions, as La Duse pourtrayed them, would have been altogether excellent in some *bourgeoise* heroine. Signor Ando's Antony was well conceived, and his speeches capitably delivered, though he hardly looked the Roman warrior. The simplicity of the scenery was quite refreshing when compared with the over-elaborate details of some Shakesperian performances that we have seen of late years.



Photo by Nadar, Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, Paris.  
MADAME ADELINE DUDLAY.

The closing of the Indian mints, though it, doubtless, comes as a "boon and a blessing" to the civil servant who has to remit his salary, or a portion of it, to England, will possibly, so I am told by an Anglo-Indian of considerable experience, be far from popular with the native population, who care but little for a paper currency, and many of whom have large hoards of silver, which they will now be unable to turn into the much depreciated, but by natives much beloved, rupee. This new departure, too, is hardly likely to be popular with those owners whose ships have borne to India enormous quantities of bar silver. Freights are bad enough as it is, as heaven and the shipowner know too well, and the closing of India as a market for silver is hardly likely to improve them. However, it looks as if the precious metal will entirely cease to deserve that adjective, and we may, perhaps, live to see all our kitchen utensils made of solid silver of so little value that a self-respecting burglar would decline to carry them off.

Talking of burglars, a gentleman of the light-fingered fraternity, who rejoices in the name of Adams, posed at the Central Criminal Court the other day not only as an innocent, but a poet. All the police found on him was a book, in which he had "composed a few little hymns." These effusions were not, alas! given in evidence, and we are left to surmise on what religious singer Mr. Adams had modelled his literary productions. Perhaps, inspired by Dr. Watts, some fragment such as this was hidden in the inmost recesses of that little note-book—

How doth the big, burglarious bee  
Improve the dinner hour  
By stealing jewels rich and rare  
From castle, court, and tower!

That little book is, doubtless, carefully preserved with other criminal relics at Scotland-Yard; but Sir Edward Bradford would, possibly, give a transcript of its contents to any gentleman engaged in writing a new "Curiosities of Literature."

By this time the countless wedding presents for the royal pair are nearly all purchased, and London is preparing herself for the pageant of the eventful day. It would seem as if the illuminations of the City and the West End would vie with those of Jubilee Day, six years ago. Clubs and shops, private houses, and public buildings alike seem determined to make themselves brilliant in honour of the young couple whose union seems to be so thoroughly popular. In the City I hear that the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—an old lady indeed, who will celebrate her two-hundredth birthday next year—is spending a lot of money on the toilet in which she will appear on the night of the royal marriage. The architecture of the Bank lends itself to the skilful illuminator, and her *tout ensemble* will be as brilliant as gas can make it. No doubt, other institutions and corporations will do likewise, and if the weather only proves fine the sight of the Metropolis on the evening in question should be very splendid.

Piccadilly, in particular, rejoices in many preparations. The Duke of Devonshire has erected a pavilion at the eastern corner of his stately premises. Baron de Hirsch has utilised the space between his house and the pavement as a vantage ground from which to see the show, and the Naval and Military Club, once the home of the genial "Pam," has not been slow to follow so good an example. A great adornment of cut and coloured glass hangs on the face of the mansion of the Commander-in-Chief, and three of these gorgeous illuminations deck the façade of the new Travellers' Club. G's and M's are the chief letters which it has entered into the heart of the illuminator to conceive; but across Apsley House there sprawls a huge "God preserve them," while on turning into Grosvenor Place one notes how those near neighbours, Lord Ivagh and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, have varied the generally chosen initials by immense V's instead of M's.

How comparatively few people whom one meets have seen the priceless collection of old masters in the Dulwich Gallery. The other afternoon, when I had tired somewhat ungratefully of the ceremonials of Founder's Day at Dulwich College, I strolled to the quaint old college, about a quarter of a mile away, in the chapel of which, beneath a black marble slab, sleeps the pious actor Edward Alleyn, "who founded this great college, and who built this chapel and the grey old almshouses that line the quiet quadrangle, turfed and tree'd," and then into the picture gallery, with its splendid Cuyps, its matchless Watteaus, its glorious Poussins, and its beautiful Murillos, with a host of other masters of their art too numerous to mention. Here is no noise and bustle such as the modern medieocrities of the Royal Academy attract, but a peaceful calm, for there were not, I think, half-a-dozen folks, beyond a few artists who were copying, in all the place. An hour or two at quiet Dulwich is a medicine I can recommend with confidence to any lover of art jaded by too much London season.

And talking of old masters, what remarkable prices were realised, at the last great picture sale of the season at Christie's historic rooms on the very afternoon that I was at Dulwich. I had carefully gazed at these pictures during the week, and had wondered what they would fetch, but, though I had had the benefit of "counsel's opinion," so to speak, from a well-known dealer whom I met there, I was surprised at the long prices that were paid. If money has been lost by the public and by such great houses as that of which the seller of the said pictures is a partner, there is still money enough and to spare in the pockets of the

art patron here, on the Continent, and in America, and it is spent without stint whenever there is something really first-rate in the market. The biggest sums were given for a Watteau and a Ruysdael, £3517 and £3045 respectively, and the total amount realised by this fine collection was over £44,000.

Mrs. Charles Yates, who gave a concert last Saturday at 1, Palace Gate, was formerly known to musicians as Mrs. Dutton Cook. She is



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.  
MRS. CHARLES YATES.

a very brilliant pianist, with a repertory as large as it is varied. At the concert several eminent singers appeared with success, while Mrs. Yates's own efforts always give delight.

St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, which, after being in the restorer's hands for several years, was opened a little more than a week ago by the Bishop of London on the completion of the work of restoration, is one of the most interesting of our City churches. To St. Helen's the pilgrimage-loving American naturally turns his steps, for here tradition says that Shakspere, who once lived in the parish, worshipped. Here, too, is one of the finest tombs in old London, that of the Sir John Crosby who built Crosby Hall in 1466, a building immortalised by the "Swan of Avon." The church escaped the Great Fire entirely unscathed, and among other historic monuments are those of the great City merchant Sir Thomas Gresham, and the wealthy Sir John Spence, from whom, by marriage, the Northampton family inherit no small part of their big revenues. A fine modern window, the gift of a rich and appreciative American, commemorates the Shaksperian associations of the ancient fane, which is said to have been built on the site of a pagan temple founded by Constantine the Great. The work of restoration has been admirably carried out under the careful supervision of Mr. Pearson.

Rome has taken India under her wing, for the Pope, in an encyclical just issued, demonstrates the necessity for the appointment of native priests, especially in cases where missionaries are unable to penetrate into the interior. His Holiness exhorts his children in Europe to co-operate with him in the work of founding Indian seminaries.

Mr. John Thomas's harp concert at St. James's Hall last Wednesday was a great success. The tone of the affair was distinctly Welsh, as becomes anything in connection with the national instrument. Mr. Thomas received very great applause after playing some of his own compositions, and the band of harps was very pleasant—and, withal, pretty to see. The singers included popular Mrs. Mary Davies, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Dyfed Lewis.

Miss May Harvey, whose performance of Mildred in "A Blot in the Scutcheon" made a considerable stir the other day, is an interesting example of what a varied experience of the stage can accomplish in a short time. This young actress has been in the profession only two years. During that period she has played only in the company managed by Mr. Louis Calvert and Mr. C. T. Helmsley. But two years in a travelling company may embrace a tremendous amount of work. Miss Harvey's repertory includes soubrettes, old women, juveniles, heavies, and lead, to use the technical terms, which will be understood by those who know what such a list implies. For example, besides Mildred in Browning's drama, Rosalind, Nerissa, Jessica, Portia, Emilia, Desdemona, Katharine, and Bianca in Shakespeare, Pauline, the



*Photo by Lambert, Milsom Street, Bath.*

MISS MAY HARVEY AS MILDRED IN  
"A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON.'"

Widow Melnotte, and Georgina Vesey, Miss Harvey has played heroines of melodrama and farce, from Black-Eyed Susan to Sally Scraggs. Her success in the provinces has never been in doubt, and her performance of Mildred at the Opéra Comique at once drew the attention of several London managers to an actress who showed such manifest capacity for romantic drama. This Mildred has much personal charm, a rich voice, an admirably expressive face, and, above all, that power of suggesting acute distress which always holds the spectator's imagination.

Who shall say that, even in this age of telegrams and telephones, of trams and railways, of hideous advertisements, of special interviews, and of women's rights, romance is dead? In the south of France, last month, there passed away a priest who, even as Keats's Isabella kept in her garden-pot Lorenzo's gruesome head, had ever with him, hidden in a small chest, richly lined, the "head of a woman with beautiful hair," which, said an inquisitive housekeeper, he "contemplated for hours." What was the history of that head, with all its "wealth of tresses"? Had he loved "not wisely, but too well," and did he keep the ghastly memorial to remind him of his sin? Was it the memento of some innocent passion that existed before he vowed himself to Mother Church, or did the crime of murder stain his soul? Human curiosity is hardly likely to be satisfied, but a deft writer of romance, if, by permission of Mr. Frederic Harrison, such a one exists, might weave a thrilling tale of love and woe from such material.

"The English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility, and, having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." So Kingsley, quoting from some old chronicler, in his marvellous description of the destruction of Spain's Great Armada. And reading this splendid chapter in the history of England's naval supremacy by the light of the late terrible disaster to our "great and unwieldy" Victoria, one wonders whether smaller and more easily managed ships might not be as destructive in times of war, and less disastrous in times of peace, than are these ironclad monsters that seem more terrible to friends than foes—whether, indeed, Lord Brassey's homely but expressive phrase, that England, in the matter of her Navy, "puts too many eggs into one basket," is not all too true. At any rate, coming from so practical a sailor as his Lordship, it is surely worthy of serious consideration.

The other day, Sir Richard Webster and the Home Secretary might have been seen side by side enduring the tender-mercies of a barber. Such is the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the law! The barber told me he often operated on her Majesty's judges, and thought this fact ought to tell in his favour if he should have the misfortune to come before them, but perhaps they might revenge themselves on the tonsorial artist!

## SOME JULY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

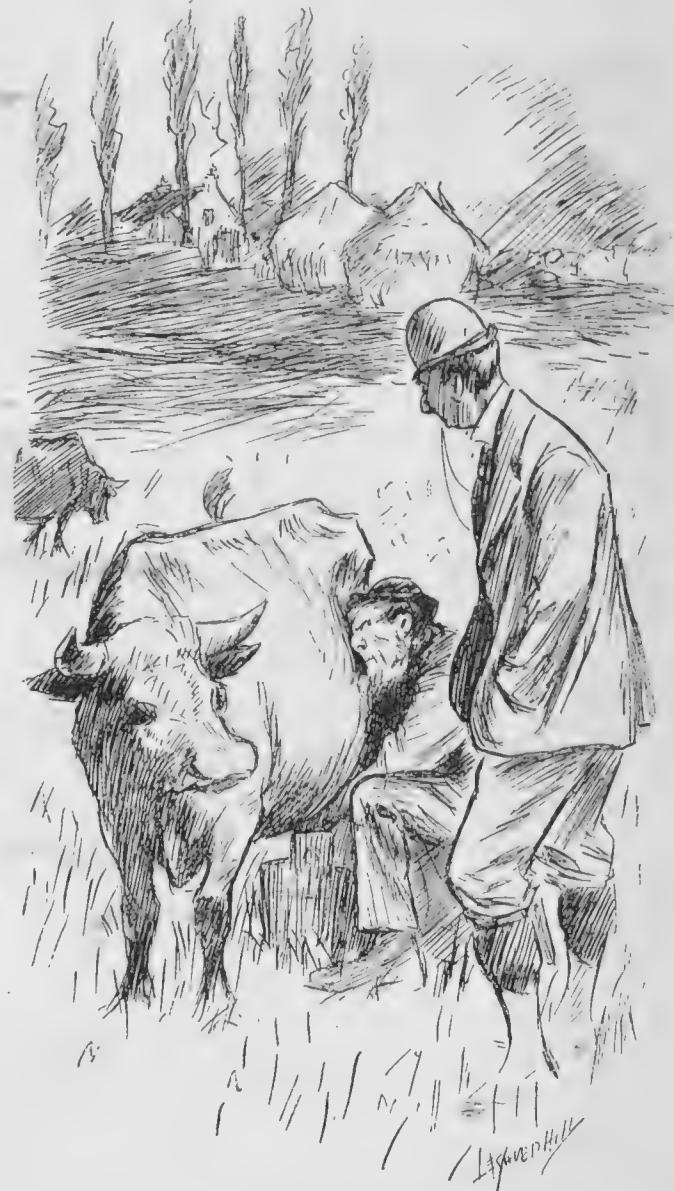
*Harper's Magazine.* Mr. William Black's story, "The Handsome Humes," is continuing its interesting course; love-making has commenced in earnest, and in an approved fashion. The hero is rather too scholarly, if I may venture to complain.

He was found "deeply buried in Müller's 'Bühnenalterthümer,'" which is a cemetery more appropriate for a bookworm than for a very young Oxford man in a front garden. There is a well-illustrated article on "Italian Gardens" by Charles A. Platt; a capital piece of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's writing in the shape of "Side Lights on the German Soldier," with sketches by F. Remington, which have a *souçon* of caricature to add to their piquancy. Miss Mary E. Wilkins gives a short and tame story, entitled "Silence," which belongs, I should guess, to a period prior to "A Humble Romance."

*Pall Mall Magazine.* The editors have been under a self-denying ordinance this month, which, I am quite sure, would not obtain a disciple in Mr. James Knowles. On the cover, among the names of contributors, those of the Marchioness of Carmarthen and Lady Lindsay do not figure, although both ladies are responsible for contributions. The illustrations are none of them very striking; some story sketches are, in fact, extremely crude.

Mr. A. D. Vandam opportunely tells us more about French notabilities in chatty fashion. There is a poem by Bret Harte, and Lady Jeune takes up again her parable about London Society. Mr. R. A. Brownlie, whose clever work is familiar in *The Sketch*, gives the first of a series of sketches, entitled "People We Have Met."

*The Butterfly.* There is appreciable progress noticeable in the second number of the *Butterfly*, which is spreading its pretty wings in the sunshine of success. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has a charming sketch of a lady, facing a most amusing article entitled "My Infernal Machine." The picture of Dr. Grace is a little spoilt by being curtailed abruptly. "An Interesting Interview" happily hits off a popular craze which has surely attained its "grand climacterie," and may now subside. The sketches by Mr. Raven-Hill are extremely humorous. For other funny drawings the *Butterfly* is indebted to Mr. Edgar Wilson and Mr. O. Eckhardt.



GILDED YOUTH (rusticating): "Aw! d'you get your milk out of a beastly cow?"

*Reproduced by kind permission from the "Butterfly."*

## THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



## Parisian Sketches -



"LE FIVOCLOGUE" À L'ANGLAISE!



JUST AFTER THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE AT HENLEY REGATTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSH BROTHERS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

## THE ETHICS OF HENLEY.

In the name of the Prophet—Henley! In such wise might they respond, these oarsmen and maidens, when offered the traditional penny for their thoughts during these portentous days which precede the annual saturnalia of the Thames. They are so desperately in earnest, too, with their sun-flushed faces and their soap-and-water weary flannels, that I 'gin to grow ashamed of my dilettantism, and to echo their fervent prayer for fine weather seems the only way of saving my self-respect. Time was when the average Londoner's sole acquaintance with the Thames was a casual acknowledgement of its existence at the University Boat-Race. Society (with a big S) flocked gaily to Barnes and Hammersmith, clad in fearful and wonderful costumes of mitigated or unmitigated blue. But during the last ten years the old order has changed, or rather transferred its riverward allegiance a few miles further up the stream when midsummer has ousted the Easter winds. "Let it be called Henley Regatta," they said, and behold it is so even unto this day, with *fin-de-siècle* developments of houseboats and nigger minstrels and river girls undreamt of, doubtless, in the philosophy of its promoters.

the helm, things are apt to be more complicated. One has then to suffer in silence. Here it is necessary to explain that the genuine river-girl is never to be found at the helm. She is nothing, indeed, if not business-like, with an inartistic tendency towards freckles and sailor hats. One would like to ask her many things, if she did not disconcert you so completely at the outset with her warning note of "Sculls, Sir!" She is an interesting sign of the times, a text, in fact, on which the philosopher might hang a dissertation on the modern woman as athlete. In many ways the fair oarswoman resembles the tennis-girl. The tastes of both run a good deal to blouses and blue serge, worn in such a way as to preclude the possibility of any vestige of feminine vanity lingering in the soul of the wearer. One might find it in one's heart to forgive them their garments, if only they did not get so hot—so very, very obviously hot. It is not, as our only Oscar would say, "helpful," nor calculated to attune the masculine sensibility to an attitude of admiration. "I should like something cooler than that," said a candid youth once to a hostess at Henley who proposed an introduction.

How true it is for all time that outsiders see most of the game, how especially true at Henley. It is not given to the pusher of



*Photo by Marsh Brothers, Henley-on-Thames.*

AN HISTORIC FINAL OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY (GUY NICKALLS V. PSOTTA).

Whether Henley is responsible for the genesis of the boating fraternity, or whether we "'spect it growed," like Topsy, matters little. The youth who every summer drifts away Thameswards Saturday-to-Monday and the damsel who wields a punt pole and a scull with the same dexterity as her great-grandmother wielded the needle exist in sufficient numbers to warrant the historian of national pastimes in placing boating only second to cricket and football of time-honoured popularity. In the beginning Henley Regatta was a primitive little function—just an unpretentious boat-race; nowadays nothing is primitive, least of all Henley. Even the barbaric blazers affected by the oarsmen of a few years ago have become artistic. The Blue Riband of the river is won amid just as much pomp of picnic and circumstance of costume as that of the Turf or the cricket field. It is a feast of lobster, salad, and champagne, of parasols and petticoats, of flower boxes and fairy lights, unless, indeed, the longed-for sunshine should give place to showers; but, as Artemus Ward would say, it would be painful to pursue this matter any further.

To return to the boating fraternity—that young man and maiden whom we wot of. They are like the powders concealed in jam of our schooldays, by no means wholly delectable. Something depends, of course, on the point of view and the ability to suffer fools gladly—it would sound prettier to say enthusiasts—possessed by the philosopher afloat down Henley way in the first week of July. There is an aggressive adolescence about the masculine Thames-lover, harmless enough in itself, no doubt, but irritating when it comes into collision with your rowlocks, and omits even to ejaculate a perfunctory apology. With femininity at

punts, still less to the rower of races, to enjoy the great regatta à *outrance*. What does it matter who carries off the Diamond Sculls when the willows look like branching emeralds in the sun, and the lisp of the river in the leaves is a harmony that satisfies the uttermost depths of the heart. It is well to ally yourself beforehand with two or three amiable enthusiasts who own a comfortable punt and a fund of navigating energy; or, better still, make friends with the owner of a commodious houseboat. Once established therein, secure from the boating fraternity of both genders, you can abandon yourself to the beauty of the scene. Behind one lies the old, slumberous town, the scarlet of its annual debauch grafted incongruously on to the grey of its sombre, accustomed life. On the other hand, a long line of houseboats stretch far away into a diminishing perspective, like a gigantic serpent drowsing on the water's breast. And the flowers, what balm they bring to the soul, aching with the ugliness of metropolitan life, as they burn to scarlet, glow to gold, or pale to white! The middle distance is filled with a palpitating sea of flesh tints and brilliant tones—more flowers, human, smiling flowers. Presently the crepuscule will quench the colour, leaving only a myriad glow-worm lights, blinking shyly among the geraniums and marguerites—a to-morrow of warm dusk and restless shadows.

But already mine ears tingle with the taunts of the oarsmen, and I can feel the hot little oarswoman pitying me out of her wide eyes. How delightful Henley would be if it were not for the races and the boating fraternity! Well, if it should rain—

R. D.

## A JAPANESE HENLEY.

It was Sunday morning in Kioto, a glorious April morning. We had thoroughly explored the picturesque city from one end to the other, had driven over bridges spanning the countless canals which intersect the town, had been to the theatres, temples, shops, and warehouses of this Japanese Paris, and now there was nothing left to see; but, even while we were sitting in the verandah of Yaami's hotel planning some excursion to the outlying country, our guide came in, and with polite bows informed us that it was a general holiday to celebrate the first Sunday of the blossoming of the cherry trees, and, if we did not mind a three-hours journey, we should be well rewarded when we arrived at our destination. We had no reason to doubt the word of our little Japanese courier, so agreed to start in half an hour, and away he hurried to engage a double jinrickshaw, to enable us to talk during the long ride, for a single rickshaw is the most unsociable of vehicles, and no amount of bribery or persuasion will make a coolie run any other way than preceding or following another.

At the appointed time our little two-wheeled carriage, with its human steeds, stood at the door, and we stepped in gaily; but, alas! for our European skirts and figures, we could not get comfortably settled. The clinging silken gowns of the little Japanese maidens are well adapted for such close quarters—not so our garments, and it was only by dint of much manoeuvring that at last we were seated, with the miserable conviction that each had an elbow too many.

The little crowd of merry, curious people that had assembled to see us start wished us a courteous *saiōnara*, and off we went down the steep hill at a breakneck pace, through the busy streets, hung with holiday



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Photo by Mrs. Liberty.

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, KIOTO, JAPAN.

lanterns, out of the town, and then on into the fair, smiling country, over hills and plains, through valleys and rice fields, the tender green shoots just appearing above the shining black mud.

At a sudden turn in the road the landscape changed once more, and between the hills we saw a great river glittering in the sun, and heard the thunder of the famous rapids as they dashed against the huge boulders that barred their progress.

The boatmen, who had been standing on a primitive kind of landing-stage, hurried up, and a confabulation respecting terms took place between them and our guide. Judging from their smiling countenances, matters were arranged entirely to their satisfaction, and we stepped into a curious oblong boat, the sides of which came just below the line of vision, the thin boards at our feet rising and falling with every ripple of the water. We moved off at last, and no words can adequately describe the beauty and excitement of that strange trip. For half a mile or so the river lay rippling, quiet and undisturbed, its depths reflecting the trees and rocks of the towering hills, then a look of alertness stole upon the faces of the men, and, almost without warning, our boat was whirled into the midst of surging white foam, crashing among the great grey stones and boulders, missing them by a hair's-breadth, our safety depending upon the long sticks so dexterously wielded. We held our breath, clung convulsively to the planks, and in another moment were on the quiet waters, and the noisy turmoil of the mighty torrent seemed a thing of the past.

As we drifted on, for we had no oars, it was as though we were passing through some chosen nook of fairyland. The river ran between hills so high that the blue sky looked dark, and we could see the pale moon, and even here and there a twinkling star. On either side were now great bare rocks, now soft, green, feathery foliage, and masses of pink cherry-blossom. There was not a sound to break the stillness of the air save the chatter of the coolies, as they played some gambling game, and ate their "chow" contentedly; then, as we came nearer and nearer, the hum of the distant rapids changed into a roar, a few moments of

wild excitement, and all was still again till we floated down to the next swift current.

A bend of the river, and there lay before us a panorama such as has been seen but seldom by European eyes. As far as the sight could reach, the bright, sunlit water was alive with picturesque boats. All the youth and beauty of Kioto were assembled: merry geishas, in gorgeous gowns and many hued obis, with faces painted and powdered, and glossy, flower-decked hair, playing the plaintive samisen and keeping up a continuous flow of laughter with their witty conversation; little children, gaily attired in rainbow and scarlet crêpes, with red daubs of colour on cheeks and lips, their brown skins hidden beneath a layer of rice powder; careful parents, guarding good-tempered, sleepy babies; old men and women, rejoicing in the joy of the younger generation, and the young bloods of Japan, rollicking, amorous, and, with but a few exceptions, under the influence of *saki*. On the river banks, picnicking parties were grouped beneath the trees, resting on a carpet of pink-and-white cherry and plum blossoms showered from the laden branches overhead. From the many tea-houses, hung with bright lanterns, came sounds of revelry, and wheresoever one might turn was fun and frolic.

We feasted our eyes on the animated scene, till, by various indications, we were reminded that there were other and more substantial things to be feasted upon, so we clambered out of our singular boat, and landed at the steps of a large tea-house, amidst a hush of curiosity from the surrounding crowd, who ceased their chatter to hurry up and stare at the "Togins."

It was with difficulty that we could obtain a room, but at last we were shown into a small square compartment, divided from others by sliding paper screens. A little Japanese lady, sweet and charming, with bright almond eyes and even, white teeth, was sitting upon a cushion on the floor, smoking a tiny pipe, and it was by her courtesy in offering to share her room with us that we escaped from the gaping crowd—but not for long—for scarcely had we seated ourselves and prepared to do justice to the pile of sandwiches before us when the screens were pulled a little way apart, then wider and wider. From the sudden cessation of noisy hilarity in the adjoining rooms, we knew that the news of our arrival had rapidly spread, and the rest of our meal was finished with the uncomfortable consciousness that our every movement was being watched by a score of inquisitive eyes. But a reward was to come. When lunch was over and the screens had slipped back into their places, a polite message came from the next compartment to the effect that an entertainment was taking place, and, if we so desired, we should be welcome to join the audience. On our accepting the invitation, the paper walls were removed, and we found ourselves among what appeared to be a large family party. Seated in a circle upon the snowy mats were grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and children galore. Within the circle stood two pretty little maidens, fantastically dressed, while another knelt on the floor playing the samisen, and chanting in a monotone a story descriptive of the fan-dance which followed. It would be difficult to imagine anything more clever and graceful than the dexterous manipulation of the fans. They were thrown over the shoulder and caught on the back of the hand, and again twirled above the head and seized by the teeth, time being kept to every lithe movement by the rhythmic beat of the little, white-stockinged feet upon the mats. Long and arduous was the dance. The audience watched every detail with a hushed admiration, broken now and again by a murmur of approval as the adroit performers caught the fluttering fans in a particularly trying posture, and when the mousmees, panting, and flushed even through the paint on their smooth round cheeks, retired with a low bow, touching the floor with their foreheads, a storm of applause and congratulation broke forth from the assembly.

Other dances followed, grotesque, poetical, and descriptive. The clamour waxed louder as the fumes of the insidious drink *saki* muddled the brains of the carousers. The sunny day darkened into twilight, and it was time to think of our long ride back to Kioto. So we arose and, through the interpretation of our guide, thanked our amiable hosts for their courtesy in allowing us to participate in so novel and interesting an entertainment.

We paused on the balcony to look out once more upon the charming landscape. A misty blue haze was upon the distant hills and rice fields, and the river seemed still, even with its myriads of craft. The vivid colouring of the dainty mousmees' silken kimonos, and the bright pink and pure white of the clustering cherry blossoms stood out in bold relief against the slate-blue background, their tones doubly intensified in the half light, which was fading in the west to a green, orange, and soft rose tinge.

We turned at length from the scene of quaint beauty, and went slowly down the polished wooden stairs out into the open air, where we found our guide breathless but triumphant, for he had, with the utmost exertion, extracted our jinrickshaw from among the hundreds that blocked the entrances and exits of the numerous tea-houses, and hunted up our coolies, who had been amusing themselves amid the crowds of *rikis*, drinking, smoking, and participating in their own way in the pleasures of their betters.

We wedged ourselves into our little vehicle, and were trundled off in the cool evening air across a flat district, reaching home by a shorter and less interesting route than the one by which we came.

As the dim lights of Yaami's Hotel glinted through the trees, we sighed to think so pleasant a day had come to an end, and that we probably should never again make one of the happy, careless throng that assembles at a Japanese Henley.

RICA NEWMAN.

### "CHEIRO," THE PALMIST.

Though it is past the hour for receiving consultants, sending in my card, I have scarcely time to glance round the charming waiting-room, draped artistically from floor to ceiling with sage-green curtains, which form an effective background to the white, quaint furniture, when Cheiro himself noiselessly flings open the folding doors leading to his sanctum, and, courteously greeting me upon the threshold, invites me to enter. Glancing into his earnest, handsome countenance, as I make my apologies for disturbing him, I feel I am face to face with no mere fortune-teller or spiritualistic adventurer, but the pioneer of a dawning science, and, as I afterwards learn, a great traveller.

As he crosses the room to move from a little exquisitely carved Indian table the east of a hand he was studying, I seize the opportunity to examine the beautifully worked pieces of Indian drapery that cover the walls and ceiling, most of which he brought from abroad, and also the rare skins which lie dotted about on the polished floor. A sacred Hindoo bull attracts my attention, and in clear, modulated tones, in which, though he comes of Greek and Spanish extraction, there is no disguising his birthplace, Cheiro relates how it was looted during the Mutiny from an Indian temple, and presented to him by the officer who secured it, and then he calls my attention to many other curios, notably a real god, that stands a grim and silent witness to heathen mythology upon his writing-table. Here, also, we find his wonderful autograph book, crowded with the names of celebrities in art, literature, science, and divinity, and some in whose veins flows the bluest of English blood. With a smile, Cheiro points to the autographs of two well-known London doctors, who, having been convinced by what they have themselves seen and heard, do not hesitate to express their opinion that the science of palmistry deserves the deepest study. As Cheiro turns over the leaves of the book, I am attracted by the very curious ring that he wears on his left hand, which became his property under most romantic circumstances. It is in shape a large maquire, set with three round stones, on which are carved the figures of a cock, a hog, and a beetle, signifying, I am told, the devil, material advantages, and eternity. This ring is supposed to bring good luck to the wearer, and, despite my evident interest, he does not offer to take it off for me to examine, but most kindly unlocks his writing-desk and shows me proof that the ring is 1400 years old and belonged to the Sasasian kings. He then draws his chair to the table on which lies my note-book, and in his quiet but very attractive manner sketches for me his wonderful career from the age of eleven, when an old family nurse trained him in the lines and formation of the hands. At the age of twelve, when stolen by a wandering tribe of gypsies, he had become so skilful in delineating character that he was a large source of income to the camp, with which he remained eighteen months. A roving disposition thus early cultivated, it was not many years ere he found



*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

"CHEIRO," THE PALMIST.

himself in the Far West, on the borders of Mexico. Growing tired of the wild life, he drifted back to the civilisation of New York, and becoming more intensely interested in the occult, crossed to India, there being no land in which he could be more in touch with his favourite subject than in the land where all the wanderers of the East find their origin, and becoming closely connected with some Brahmin, remained a few years. After visiting on his return journey every civilised country, he settled in Bond Street ten months ago, and during that time has read 10,000 hands, but he intends shortly leaving again for Chicago.

He makes no mystery of his profession, absolutely believing it can be used in many ways for moral and scientific advancement. He reads your hand in a straightforward manner—preaching no irrevocable fate, but simply telling you that such and such things will occur, and, if you

do not like it, it lies in your power to alter it. He is most courteous in answering questions and distinctly explaining the meaning of lines, and, having read my past with marvellous accuracy, I am sufficiently impressed by his skill to follow his advice in the future. He gives me many illustrations of the benefit of chiromancy; I have only space for two.

One was of a leading lady in society, who visited him some months ago, and whose line of life distinctly ended at thirty-eight. She was then thirty-five, and he explained to her that unless she withdrew from the



*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*  
"CHEIRO'S" SANCTUM.

whirlpool of excitement which society demanded her life was doomed, and strongly urged her to live more quietly. She was so impressed by his grave words of advice that she did so, and in less than seven months her life line had grown 1-16 of an inch.

Another was a young girl in desperate trouble—like many other would-be suicides, morbidly anxious to know her probable fate had no suicidal mania overcome her. After an interview with Cheiro, he so far convinced her that each one is master of his own destiny that she drew from her cloak a loaded revolver, and gave it into his keeping, and, following his advice, is now a happy and prosperous married woman.

It requires no persistent questioning to elicit these incidents. Cheiro's whole conversation is filled with adventures, anecdotes, and romantic escapades which time forbids me to enter into. The chiming of a clock warns me my interview must end, and as I reluctantly collect my notes Cheiro asks me if I have read his "Book of the Hand." On my replying in the negative, he rises, and, taking a copy from the table, presents it to me with characteristic generosity, and before acceding to my request for his autograph reads me impressively his dedicatory lines, in which one catches a glimpse of his high ideal of life—

#### TO ONE

Who stooped so low as e'en to touch my hand—  
Who whispered soft, "Life is not always youth,  
Nor is youth life. Live, then, to make a stand,  
It matters little where—be it for Truth."

Ere the impression of these words have passed, the curious Indian draperies part and close noiselessly, and I find myself alone in the hurly-burly of Bond Street.

R. C.

### THE HARNESSING OF NIAGARA.

The task of utilising the enormous power to be derived from the waterfall at Niagara is a tremendous undertaking. The first wheel-pits of the great tunnel have been completed for one paper manufacturing company, and the last of the excavation in the construction company's big pit, 100 ft. long, 20 ft. wide, and 200 ft. deep, is finished. The contractors will now finish the walls of the pit to bring them up to the top of the basin and the connections with the canal, of which there are four. Work on these finishing touches has already begun, and the colossal character of the work can now be appreciated by the visitor, as it is mostly on the surface, instead of underground. The wall that is being put on the top of the wheel-pit is perhaps the strongest ever laid. It is 10 ft. thick, and every stone in it is dimension stone. This wall is to hold the standpipes of four 5000-horse power wheels, and an immense power house, which will rest on top of it. There will be four connections between the wheel-pit and the canal, each to carry water to a 5000-horse power wheel. The connections are made by brick arches 25 ft. in diameter. The first one is now well under way. Some idea may be formed of the gigantic character of the tunnel enterprise when it is stated that this excavated wheel-pit, with its four canal openings of 5000-horse power each, is only one of eight wheel-pits of equal size, which the canal is made to supply, the excavation of which will in due time follow the completion of this one. The contractors will immediately begin the work of putting in the bottom of the wheel-pits the masonry to sustain the standpipes and turbine wheels. This is heavy and slow work, and will take two or three months to complete. Much work is being done in the vicinity of Schlosser Dock, and a great change is going on there. The construction company has filled in the low land for over a mile with stone from the tunnel excavation, has docked a large portion of it, and is still extending the dockage.

## A LEAP INTO FAME:

## DUMAS' DRAMATIC DÉBUT.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM.

"Yes, you are right; that big hulking monster of a Dumas writes very poor stuff, and yet, poor as it is, it makes me dissatisfied with my own." Thus spoke Casimir Delavigne to a would-be detractor of the young playwright who, one February night, sixty-four years ago, leapt from the profoundest obscurity into the most startling fame and literally set the whole of the theatrical heavens in a blaze. Casimir Delavigne, whom we know best in England by his play of "Louis XI," so admirably interpreted by Mr. Irving and his company at the Lyceum, always meant what he said and invariably said what he thought. Proof whereof is the following: During the rehearsals of Victor Hugo's "Burgraves," Delavigne felt that his end was near, and that he would not be able to witness the *première*. He made Beauvallet, the actor, promise to come and tell him all about the piece as soon as possible after the fall of the curtain, and, true to his promise, Beauvallet came early next morning. "Recite some of the verses to me," said the poet, and the tragedian at once complied with the request, delivering the well-known monologue in his best style. "That's very beautiful," exclaimed the dying poet, sitting up in bed. "Isn't it?" remarked Beauvallet. "Well, my dear Delavigne, that's where the catcalls were loudest." The poet kept silent for a moment. "The public are very odd," he said, after a little while. "If those verses had been mine, they would have applauded them."

I have quoted Delavigne's words in both cases, to show that he was not only an excellent dramatic critic, but that he thoroughly understood the temper of the majority of playgoers, who always were, and still are, afraid to show their like to-day for what they did not like yesterday. Moreover, even if we did not know Delavigne, a careful comparison of the two sentences would at once dispose of the suspicion of their having been uttered as a "bait for compliments."

During the last thirty years I have seen "Henri III. et sa Cour" at least a dozen times, and each time the words of Casimir Delavigne regarding its author have vividly recurred to me, for the drama is by no means a literary masterpiece, and not the most magnificent acting, not even that of the Comédie Française last Thursday night at Drury Lane, could blind us to its shortcomings in that respect; but it is a powerfully constructed play, and one cannot help being struck with intense amazement when reflecting that this is virtually, though not nominally, the first attempt of a young fellow of twenty-six, in the most humble circumstances of life, with scarcely a smattering of education, with everything positively against him, supporting his mother and himself on a bare pittance of about twenty-five shillings a week as a copying clerk in the household administration of the Due d'Orléans, afterwards Louis Philippe, of which pittance he is finally deprived by the orders of the Due himself, "because of his literary pursuits" (textual). There is no complaint against him of his having neglected his duties; he works harder than any of the seventy-two employés and heads of departments; but he is engaged in literary pursuits, and, what is more, in literary pursuits which bid fair to be successful, and that is enough for three or four of his superiors to make his life a burden to him, and for the majority of his fellow-clerks to jeer and to flout.

I repeat, his literary pursuits bid fair to be successful, for amid all this plotting and hostility against him he has succeeded in doing what hundreds of highly educated men, backed by most powerful connections, have attempted in vain before and concurrently with him. He has secured the Blue Riband of the French dramatist's profession. One of his plays has been accepted at the Comédie Française, though it will eventually not see the light there, nor be produced in its original shape. I am alluding to "Christine," a work which one of the greatest authorities in matters theatrical, but a by no means fanatical admirer of the new school—to wit, Charles Nodier—declared to be "one of the most remarkable he had read for the last twenty years." For even the members of the Comédie Française lacked the courage of their opinions, and had appended a rider to their acceptance, "the communication of the manuscript to an author of repute, who has the confidence of the Comédie." The author selected was none other than Picard, the erstwhile director of the Odéon, who had written no less than eighty plays himself, not a single one of which survives. Picard unhesitatingly condemned the play, but Baron Taylor stood to his guns, or rather to those of young Dumas, and submitted the work to Nodier, with the result stated above.

These conflicting opinions had, meanwhile, produced their disastrous effect upon the comedians themselves, who began to waver in their allegiance to the young playwright the more, seeing that the two principal interpreters, Mdlle. Mars and Firmin, instinctively felt the respective rôles assigned to them to be beyond their powers. A pretext to postpone indefinitely the rehearsals was found in the existence of a drama on the same subject and with the same title by a M. Brault, which had been accepted previously to that of Dumas, who, though in urgent want of money, was compelled, as it were, to waive his claim to be heard, for it amounted to that and nothing less. So convinced was he of the significance of the step forced upon him, that he immediately cast about finding the subject for another drama.

I have seen it stated somewhere—I forget where—that accident befriended Dumas in the choice of a second plot as it had befriended him in the choice of the first. One has yet to learn that the finger-posts on the cross-roads that guide the troubled wayfarer who is looking for

them are accidents. And Dumas was almost unable to do more than spell the directions of the finger-posts strewn about the roads of literature and art. "Christine" had been inspired by a bas-relief of Mdlle. de Fauveau, representing the murder of Monaldeschi by order of his royal mistress, Christina of Sweden. But Dumas was absolutely ignorant of the name of Monaldeschi, let alone of his tragic fate, and compelled to read up the story in a biographical dictionary lent to him by Frédéric Soulié. He had never heard of Anquetil when he came upon one of his volumes lying open on the desk of a fellow-clerk, and caught a glimpse of the score of lines upon which "Henri III." is founded. He had to have recourse once more to the biographical dictionary; it contained a reference to the "Memoirs of d'Estoile," and both the name of the author and the book were as absolutely unknown to him as that of Anquetil and his works. And yet the drama we saw last Thursday night was written in six weeks; and this time there was no hesitation on the part of the comedians of the Rue de Richelieu: it was accepted unconditionally.

As a matter of course, the rumour of the second crime committed by the young copying clerk had reached the ears of his superiors, one of whom, the chief, explained to him firmly that "red-tapeism" and literature did not run well in harness. He might have added that they do not even run well in tandem, seeing that the former, whether it be the wheeler or the leader, generally manages to kick the latter. However, there was no trifling; Dumas was virtually dismissed; he and his mother would have been homeless and starving but for the kindness of Laffitte, the banker, who, on the introduction of Béranger, lent the young fellow 3000 fr.—nominally on the deposit of a duplicate of the play, in reality without security at all, as he had lent Prosper Goubaux, the author of "Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur" (the "Rouge et Noir" of Fechter) 12,000 fr. It was well he did, for a few days before the *première* of "Henri III.," Dumas' mother was stricken with paralysis, brought on, there can be no doubt, by the croaking of her friends as regards her son's future.

And now, after informing the reader that the Due d'Orléans had been induced by the author to witness that *première*, I leave the latter to tell his own story: "At a quarter to eight I kissed my mother, who was profoundly unconscious of the battle I was going to fight. From my box, which was on the stage, I had a perfect view of the house, which was crowded from floor to ceiling. The curtain rose; the first act was listened to with kindness, although the introduction is cold, drawn out, and dull. But the last words of the Due de Guise, 'Saint-Paul, send for the men who murdered Dugast,' were received with great applause, and had the effect of brightening both the audience and actors. Then I went to see how my mother was. The curtain fell upon the second act amid the liveliest signs of approval, but I knew that the third act would determine the success or failure of the piece in virtue of the scene between the Duc and the Duchesse de Guise. The scene evoked shrieks of terror, but at the same time thunders of applause. It was the first time the public were brought face to face with such violent, I might also say brutal, dramatic situations on the stage. I went out, being anxious to see my mother, though she was not even aware of my presence at her bedside. I returned to the theatre, and, as I had foreseen, from the beginning of the fourth act till the very end the house went almost frantic with excitement, and when the curtain fell to rise again immediately in order to enable Firmin to name the author of the piece, the Due d'Orléans himself stood uncovered and applauded his employé, whose most startling, though, perhaps, not the most deserved, success proclaimed him to be a poet."

On his return home that evening, Dumas found a letter from Baron de Broval, the same who five months before had dismissed him. I do not quote it. What would be the good? Dickens did not invent Pumblechook; he only photographed him. The type existed before him; it will continue to exist. Next morning the publishing rights of "Henri III. et sa Cour" were sold for 6000 fr., and two hours later Dumas handed his benefactor the 3000 fr. so generously lent to him.

## THE FIRST STEAM WARSHIP.

It is generally known that the first steam-driven vessel to cross the Atlantic was built in Canada. The information is not so general, however, that this craft was subsequently converted into a cruiser and was the first steamship engaged in actual war. The facts in the case are stated in "Johnson's Alphabet of First Things in Canada." The ship was the Royal William. It was built at the Cove, Quebec, in the winter of 1830-31, and during the season of 1832-33 plied between Quebec and Halifax. In the latter season it was sent to London, and there chartered by the Portuguese Government to transport troops intended for the service of the late Dom Pedro to Brazil. Returning to London, it was sold to the Spanish Government by the latter, converted into a cruiser, and employed against Don Carlos in the Civil War of 1836, thus being the first steamer to fire a hostile shot. There is still another curious fact that may have been overlooked—that troops withdrawn from Canada upon the close of the American War of 1812-15, for the purpose of joining the army intended to crush Napoleon after his return from Elba, were transported down the St. Lawrence by a Canadian steamer. This was probably the first occasion on which a steam-vessel was used for purposes of military transport. Canada, therefore, not only furnished the world with the first steam war-vessel, but she almost certainly provided the first steam troopship as well.

## SOME KATHARINES AND PETRUCHIOS.

Certainly, Harry Woodward must have been the best Petruchio whose name tradition hands down to us. His handsome face, admirably represented in the print from Bell's "Shakspere," which we give, looks almost too serious for the madcap bridegroom; but, as we know, the moment he spoke on the stage a certain ludicrous air laid hold of his features, and every muscle of his face ranged itself on the side of levity. He abounded also in high animal spirits, so that the extravagances of Petruchio were acted by him with almost over-abundant vigour.

Woodward did not play in Shakspere's "Taming of the Shrew," but in an adaptation by Garrick, named "Catharine and Petruchio." This was really the first production of the play in anything like a proper form since the Restoration. A very free version of the piece had been written about 1667 by John Lacy, Charles the Second's favourite comedian. He called it "Sauny the Scot, or the Taming of the Shrew," and changed Grumio into Sauny. Our old friend Mr. Pepys saw this play on April 9, 1667, and pronounced that it "hath some good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, Sauny, done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood—at least, by me." No doubt, Lacy's Scotch would have been quite as unintelligible to a Scot as to Mr. Pepys. I must not omit to mention that there is a most curious portrait of Lacy in his dress as "Sauny at Hampton Court." It is in that strange and almost weird-looking picture by Wright which shows the actor in three different characters, that in the plaid being unquestionably Sauny, though it is frequently described as Teague in "The Committee." The picture is said to have been painted by the special command of Charles II.

In Lacy's play the dialogue is reduced to prose; Grumio's part is, naturally, written up and a good deal of very low comedy thrown into it. We have no information as to the players of the various characters in Lacy's lifetime; but in 1698 we have a cast of the piece at Drury Lane. Sauny (Grumio) was William Bullock; Petruchio was Powell, a clever but dissipated actor, and Margaret the Shrew, as Lacy named her, was Mrs. Verbruggen, one of the most finished comedy actresses of the day. It is worthy of note that Lacy did not retain the induction, any more than Garrick did, whose adaptation next demands our attention.

It was first produced by Mrs. Pritchard on her benefit night, March 18, 1754, when she played Jane Shore, and appeared as Catharine in a new comedy, in three acts, called "Catharine and Petruchio," written by Mr. Garrick. The piece, which was a fairly reverent treatment of the original play—at least, as compared with the liberties taken by most adapters—made an instantaneous hit, and might also be said to hold the stage to the present day; for I remember well how, when I was a young theatre-goer, it was a favourite afterpiece on a tragic "star's" benefit night, when the hero of the evening would play Othello, or Macbeth, or Hamlet, and Petruchio. Mrs. Pritchard's Petruchio was Woodward, but it was not in the great tragic actress that the most famous of Petruchios found his liveliest mate. It was Kitty Clive, the brightest and merriest of comedians, who was to be his chief associate. They first played the parts together on Jan. 21, 1756, and the occasion furnished some amusement to the audience. Mrs. Clive and Woodward were on very unfriendly terms, as was probably perfectly well known to nearly everybody in the theatre, and they apparently did not always conceal their feelings of dislike when acting. On one occasion they were playing in Congreve's "Double Dealer"; Mrs. Clive, who was playing Lady Froth, had accidentally painted her face rather too liberally, and when Woodward, who was the representative of Brisk, came to the passage in which he criticises Lady Froth's poem on her coachman, instead of saying, "Your Ladyship's coachman having a red face," he said, "Your Ladyship having a red face." The pretended slip was so apropos that the audience roared with laughter, which was increased by Woodward's simulated look of confusion and dismay at his blunder. No doubt, Kitty Clive occasionally scored off her opponent; but in "Catharine and

Petruchio" she again had the worst of the battle. Tate Wilkinson, in his imimitably quaint way, tells us how Petruchio threw Catharine down in the exit of the second act, "which had very near convinced the audience that he was not so lordly as he assumed; for Mrs. Clive was so enraged at her fall that her talons, tongue, and passion were very expressive to the eyes of all beholders, and it was with the utmost difficulty Kate suppressed her indignation." In one of his mad fits he stuck a fork into her finger in the supper scene one night, and altogether Kitty must have felt it an undertaking of some danger to be tamed by so energetic a bridegroom.

There is little interest attached to any performances of "Catharine and Petruchio" until 1788, when John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played the tamer and the tamed. In the interval Petruchio had been represented by two famous comedians, the facetious Ned Shuter and the brisk, mercurial William Lewis; while Mr. and Mrs. Crawford played the shrew and her bridegroom in 1781 for Crawford's benefit. It can scarcely be said that either John Kemble or Mrs. Siddons made much impression in Catharine and Petruchio, though Kemble is said to have acted his part exceedingly well. Mrs. Siddons, too, played admirably, but did not look the part. It was said that her face was too *spirituelle* for the shrew, and that, besides, she looked too strong, mentally and physically, to be subdued by the crude devices of her bridegroom. Of course, she was not by any means a young girl in 1788.

For the next half-century Garrick's "afterpiece," to use the favourite theatrical description of "Katharine and Petruchio," remained a stock entertainment, Charles Kemble and his wife especially distinguishing themselves in it; but in 1846-7 the original play was again seen in its entirety. This excellent innovation was suggested by a gentleman to whom the English stage owes many a debt of gratitude, J. R. Planché. He proposed to Benjamin Webster to produce "The Taming of the Shrew," with the induction, and with only two scenes—one, the outside of the ale-house where Christopher Sly is found by the nobleman, and the other the bedchamber in which the strolling players should act the comedy as they would have done it in Shakspere's time, without scenery, and simply with placards affixed to the wall indicating that the scene is laid in "a public place in Padua" or in "a room in Baptista's house." In this most interesting revival, the delightful actress Mrs. Nisbett, was an ideal Katharine; Benjamin Webster an excellent Petruchio, though the part was scarcely in his line; Buckstone was good as Grumio, and Strickland a perfect Christopher Sly.

Ten years later, Samuel Phelps produced the play at Sadler's Wells, himself playing the drunken tinker with great effect. Miss Atkinson acted Katharine; Marston was the Petruchio, and Lewis Ball the

Grumio. It is very interesting to contrast the different ways in which these two masters of theatrical effect, Planché and Phelps, managed the disappearance of Sly from the scene, for which Shakspere's play makes no provision whatever. Planché kept the tinker seated on the O.P. side throughout the acting of the comedy. At the end of each act no drop was used, but music played while the nobleman's servants brought Sly wine and refreshments. During the fifth act the tinker fell into a heavy drunken stupor, and at the end the servants bore him away as the curtain fell. Phelps, on the other hand, got rid of Christopher at the end of the first act. He made him so hopelessly stupid that he did not follow or understand the comedy. He stared vacantly at it, and fell fast asleep, so that at the end of the first act it seemed the most natural thing in the world to carry him away.

Since Phelps's time there had been no very famous productions of "The Taming of the Shrew" until that never-to-be-forgotten night of May 29, 1888, when, at the Gaiety Theatre, we first saw Miss Ada Rehan as Katharine. I shall never cease to remember that magnificent first entrance, or the beauty and grace of her final speech to the disobedient wives. But, indeed, from beginning to end it was a marvellous performance, and Mr. Daly is well advised in opening his London theatre with a production which everyone who has seen it will eagerly desire to see again.

R. W. L.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

BY ROY COMPTON.

*Author of "Golden Love," "Sold," "Unica Mia," "Too Late," &c.*

It was a cold, raw January night, with not even a star to break the dead monotony of the dull, leaden clouds; the wind was so boisterous that it was as much as I could manage to hold on to my hat and keep my seat

*In the sickly light between candle and dawn Molly had appeared and stood beside me.*

as the car jolted over the wet, uneven roads, or in whirling round a corner we caught the full fury of the gale on the open, unsheltered highway.

I had travelled twenty miles with all the speed possible to procure from a horse now jaded and weary, but still urged on by the free use of Jarvis's whip and tongue, and yet as we passed through the last village and the church clock struck out midnight I felt an irresistible shudder pass over me. It seemed incredible that I, Donovan Kelly, the sceptic as regards psychical wonders—one who thought a believer in mediums, doubles, and other mysterious agencies fitted only for the interior of a lunatic asylum—that I should have undertaken this weird journey simply in response to a dream—a dream that had appeared with ghastly reality on two separate occasions. When I looked back on these two occasions, and considered all the circumstances which led to my present journey, I felt horribly inclined to laugh at what I could only term my folly.

I had been working with the relentless energy of my nature all Hospital Session, and I own my nerves were not in their usually calm state, for I had allowed myself but little rest, as I was most anxious to obtain my M.D., settle in a practice I had in view, marry the lady to whom I had been engaged some years, and to whom I was much attached. If there are such beings as affinities, and we are told we each possess one, then surely Molly Coyne was mine. We had been both born and bred in the same little village in the north of Ireland. She had been left an orphan when only a few months old, and confided to my father's guardianship. We had gone hand in hand to the same village school; she had coaxed and domineered over me through my boyhood, and now that I have arrived at man's estate, whether from

a sense of perversity, or, perhaps, to atone for her previous treatment, I cannot say, she loved me with all the deep and abiding trust of a woman's first passion.

But what about the dream? you will say. Well, this was my dream.

In the sickly light between candle and dawn, Molly had appeared and stood beside me, and looked down into my face with all her passionate love speaking in her beautiful grey eyes, which were so heavily fringed with dark lashes that I had laughingly told her they had been put in with sooty fingers; she looked just as I remembered her when we parted last, and she had called me back tearfully to kiss her once again. I felt her warm breath upon my face, her tiny white hands upon my shoulders. I could almost swear I touched the dark, wavy curls on her forehead. For a moment the silence was intensely painful, as we gazed into each other's faces, then gradually she faded from my sight, and I felt an overwhelming desire to follow her, for I thought I heard a cry of pain. It must have awakened me, as I found myself sitting upright in my armchair by the now dead fire, with an open book in my hand. I roused myself, walked to the window, and, drawing aside the blind, looked on the street below. All was indistinct in the grey morning light; the only sound was the regular tramp of a policeman as he passed along his beat. I yawned, stretched myself, came to the conclusion an uncomfortable chair had given me nightmare, and went to bed. When I again awoke the sunlight was streaming into my room, a cheery voice was shouting "Boots," and soon in the exigencies of my day's work I forgot the dream entirely, especially as the morning post brought me a loving little note from Molly. Three nights after I had another dream or warning, if you like. My little love came to me again, but, ah! how changed—her eyes were closed as though asleep, her hands, no longer stretched out to me, were folded upon her breast, her face was colourless, and the awful stillness of sculptured repose was there. As she drew nearer to me an icy chill passed over my frame and seemed to numb my faculties. I tried in vain to draw her closer to me, but her figure was already beginning to get more indistinct, and I heard the unmistakable sound of a groan. Crash! crash! I sprang out of bed, and, hastily procuring a light, saw at my feet the portrait of

*I flung myself beside her with a bitter cry.*

my darling which hung by my bedside shivered to fragments. So vivid and terrible was the dream that I buried my face in my hands and gave way to my grief. When I was calmer I examined the broken picture: the wire it hung by was still intact, and the brass-headed nail still in the wall. I tried it, and convinced myself it was quite firm.

If it was a warning, by whom was it sent? What did it mean? At any rate, I was so far convinced some harm had befallen Molly that I determined, at any cost, before another day passed, to see her face to face. In the excitement of my feelings, I commenced locking up my books and putting my things into my portmanteau, and after several hours of suspense the first train at daybreak that left Dublin for the north carried me with it.

Ah! another sharp turning and we are there. I peer eagerly through the darkness in the direction I know the house lies, and even at this strange hour of night I see lights burning in the windows. I cannot wait for the car to pull up before I spring down and ring the bell vigorously. The door is hurriedly opened by an old servant, who gives a faint ejaculation of surprise, then wrings her hands and weeps bitterly. The question I long to ask dies upon my lips, as brushing past her unceremoniously, I spring up the stairs and make for the room in which I know my darling sleeps, for many a time I have gone out of my way to pass her window and give a morning's greeting. I push open the door with a foreboding of evil and almost stumble over my mother kneeling by the bedside. On the bed, with her eyes closed, propped up by pillows, Molly! my darling! I look at her a moment, dazed by the shock, believing her dead, then fling myself beside her with a bitter cry of despair, so full of agony that for a moment it seems to recall her spirit on its flight, for a faint smile parts her lips, and she whispers faintly, "Donovan, kiss me." I shower passionate kisses on her face and hold her slight form convulsively to my heart, as though to snatch her back from Death's relentless grasp; but her little head falls heavily back on my shoulder. She has gone! I kneel and gaze on her calm face till morning chases the shadows of night away, bearing on its wings my ruined happiness and ambitions, and leaving me only Death's aftermath, Desolation.

I ascertained two facts: the night of my first warning Molly had become ill; on the night of the second warning serious symptoms appeared, the doctor gave up hope, and she lost consciousness. I have no explanation of these warnings; they simply fulfilled their purpose; to believe them otherwise than divine would render me wretched, for it would prove that in her last hours my darling had passed under the influence of some evil spirit.

#### A CURIOUS COLLEGE CUSTOM.

The young American student has a curious way of getting rid of trigonometry, abbreviated in academic slang to "trig." It is the custom at a Yankee 'varsity for each class when it finishes its work in trigonometry to celebrate the event with rejoicings. The other week the freshmen of the North-Western University carried out an unusually elaborate and extravagant burial of poor old "Trig." A dummy corpse, the size of an ordinary man, was found near a field by a uniformed herald. The body showed signs of bad usage, and the herald selected a jury from the crowd of students that had gathered at the place. Before the inquest began a mock physician opened the body for *post-mortem* examination. Inside it he found, among other things, an alarm clock, which went off at that instant, some of "Baldy's" hair (Baldy is the name given to one of the professors of mathematics, who has a scarcity of that article), a contract signed by a sophomore, saying that he has neither received nor given help in his recent trigonometry examination, a tin horse belonging to another sophomore, and the sine of an angle, which was a business sign of the firm Angle Brothers. The body was identified as that of "Trig." The jury returned as verdict that the deceased came to his death from being trodden upon by a horse driven by the sophomores who are taking freshman trigonometry. Monks then appeared bearing a 7 ft. coffin. They wore the black dress of monks and the cowl. As the good men advanced the leaders chanted "Napier's Funeral Chant," otherwise known as the rules of trigonometry. The other monks replied by chanting "The profs. have mercy on our souls." The body was deposited in the coffin, and responsive readings held. At the close of the oration a doxology was sung by the monks. As they sang, seven devils were seen hovering about. They were dressed in demoniacal style, the leader being arrayed as Mephistopheles in "Faust." When the doxology was ended the fiery apparitions closed in on the body, frightening away the monks. Doughty old "Trig," even in his coffin, objected to being carried away by devils. He jumped up and ran for his life. The devils pursued their fleeing victim. The friars now returned and found the casket empty. Soon, however, two devils dragged "Trig" back, clucked him into the coffin and nailed down the lid. The devils erected a funeral pyre and cremated the body. As the flames shot upward and the remains of the late lamented crackled with a merry sound, the imps from the lower world danced about the fire and sang a revision of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." The monks came out and joined in the chorus, which was the same as the original. As the singers gave the last "Ta-ra-ra," instead of ending in the usual way, the entire class joined in and gave its yell. The crowd then dispersed and let "Trig" R. I. P.

#### MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

It is now almost a year since Mr. John Drew withdrew from the forces of Augustin Daly and began his first season as a "star."

The event was one of a peculiar significance to all lovers of the playhouse in America. For a number of years Daly's Company has practically consisted of four players—Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, and Mr. James Lewis. Season after season has Mr. Drew made love to Miss Rehan, until the theatre-going public began to believe that Mr. Daly's red plush curtain could not descend after four acts of baffled love-making on any other scene than the betrothal or reunion of these two clever players. So when it was said that Mr. Drew was to leave the theatre where he had worked so long and so faithfully, and break up the famous Daly quartet, it seemed very much as if one of the legs of a fine well-seasoned mahogany table were to attempt to stand by itself.

It is not proposed to state here what became of the dismembered table—this story is about what happened to the ambitious leg.

Mr. Drew is a very popular young man, and knows a great many people, some of whom know all about the theatre and some of whom know very little. The latter class it was, in particular, who were most concerned about Mr. Drew's efforts unattended by Miss Rehan, and after having congratulated the young actor on his starring project his friends invariably asked him what he was going to do for a leading woman.

"Miss Maude Adams," said Mr. Drew.

Then the questioner said: "Oh! that's good; you're in great luck," and went home to look up the name of Adams on his programme files.

Mr. Charles Frohman, who manages for Mr. Drew, has quite a corner in actors, and pays several hundreds of them salaries every week. Exactly why he should have chosen Miss Maude Adams, who was then playing second parts in one of his second-class stock companies, to support Mr. Drew, none knew; but future events proved that he was right.

On Oct. 3, 1892, Mr. Drew made his first appearance as a star in New York, at Palmer's Theatre. Everybody who was anybody and could get in was there, including the critics, who afterwards went back to their offices and told the rest of the world who could not get into the theatre what a great success had taken place. They told how good was the new play and how Mr. Drew played the young husband with all the grace and dash and with that thorough knowledge of the actor's art which he understands so well; but their epigrams and their choicest adjectives were saved for the young woman who played the wife. There is nothing so pleasant to the dramatic critic or the first-nighter as a surprise, and Maude Adams was the greatest theatrical surprise which New York had enjoyed for many seasons. Here was a woman, almost a girl, unknown, unheralded, placed in a position where comparison with the most popular of American actresses was inevitable, and yet who, in one short evening, razed the prejudices which had existed against "Drew's new leading woman," and had at the same time built for herself a place almost her own among the comédiennes of the American stage.

In "The Masked Ball" Miss Adams plays the part of a young wife who, for a certain complication of reasons, desires to make her husband suffer, and she adopts the rather startling method of making him believe that she is tipsy. It was in this scene that Miss Adams evoked her greatest success. A tipsy woman is not usually a pleasant spectacle, and Mr. Clyde Fitch, who translated the play from the French, and pretty much everyone interested, were rather in doubt as to the outcome of the scene. With such delicacy and cleverness, however, did Miss Adams perform her task, that it stood out as the best bit of the play, and "Miss Adams's tipsy scene" became the talk of the town. So great was its success, indeed, that for the time being the audiences forgot to notice and credit Miss Adams with the fact that she did other work which displayed an art far more subtle, and which placed her far above the ordinary comédienne.

The work which Miss Adams does in "The Masked Ball" was not born of inspiration, but is the result of that greatest of all masters—experience. Her mother was an actress in a San Francisco theatre, and one evening, not quite twenty years ago, left her nine-months-old daughter to go to the theatre. The baby was suffering from her first tooth, and the nurse, who was left in charge, was at last compelled to carry the infant to the mother at the theatre. It so happened that a baby was needed in the play that evening, and, as the one who had been engaged did not put in an appearance, it was decided to carry on the one with the toothache. It was in this wise that Maude Adams made her first appearance. History does not state whether or not the young woman made a hit, but the lights and the audience for the time being certainly distracted the attention of the now great comédienne from the tooth. At the age of four Miss Adams resumed the scene of her earlier triumphs, and for years played children's parts throughout the West. Then there followed five years of school, and at fourteen the comédienne may be said to have begun her real life-work. From this time until the first night of "The Masked Ball" Miss Adams played all kinds of parts in all kinds of companies of more or less importance, and it was generally less. It was not a very pleasant life—in fact, it was a very hard one; but the opportunity came at last, and Miss Adams was prepared for it, and now she is very glad she spent so many hours of study and work when the reward came neither in money nor applause. All she needed was an opportunity in the profession, where opportunity plays so large a part. Hers came at a rather early age, and, although she has been more talked and written of during the past season than any other woman on the American stage, she still retains a genuine simplicity and sincerity.

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THE SKETCH.

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MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON, WEST MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.—A. BILTON.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.

The sale of pictures forms one of the most curious and interesting galleries in the side-walks of art, chiefly because the price of these few square feet of canvas is so fantastic and various. But among all great sales and fluctuations of price this one fact has of late grown more and more impressive, that the Dutchmen are growing more and more precious possessions to the financier, as they have ever been to the mere lover of art.

Take, for example, the third and last great sale of this season, which took place at Christie's a few days ago. A Hobbema which in 1833 fetched the paltry sum of £425 this year is bought for £2311. A Rembrandt which three years ago went for £1690 goes now for £2667. A Ruysdael which twelve years ago fetched £216 now sells at £3045! A Van der Heyden sells in 1876 at £136 10s., and fetches now £1155, and a Van Wyck springs from £77 to £168.

On the other hand, there cannot be the smallest doubt that the Italians are steadily declining in popularity. If we examine some of the prices at the same sale, we shall find this fact very prominently emphasised. A Bronzino in 1882 fetched £1837 10s., and goes now for £819; a G. B. Moroni at the same date went for £178 10s., and now sells for £25 4s.; a Pietro Perugino falls from £504 to £231; a Tintoretto also sinking from £1155 to £903 10s. Truly, the ways of



J. J. ROUSSEAU CHEZ MADAME WAREN'S AUX CHARMETTES.—F. BAUER.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON,

popularity—and the picture-buyers—are strange, and one marvels over the peculiar and complex talent which goes to build up a successful picture-dealer, in his trade. The only remaining fact of note to be chronicled of the sale is the astonishing change in the price of a Watteau, which jumped from £199 10s. to £3517 10s.

A contemporary, whose ingenious idea, rather than its mode of carrying out that idea, is fit subject for praise, has conceived the



OISIVETÉ.—ROBERT CHRISTIE.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.

gay design of selecting pictures from the Academy that illustrate the text "Art versus Nature." The thing might, indeed, have been done very amusingly, and painters might have been led to grind their teeth. Yet, after all, one is not so very sure that the sermon is very effective. One insists, of course, upon this fact, that Nature shall never be painted grotesquely. Yet, when this legislation has been conscientiously followed there is no particular erine in departure from the steadfast laws of grim realism. On the contrary, beauty itself does often demand such a sacrifice, and at this point we have reached the battle-ground of realism and romance. Let us pray.

Mr. Joseph Pennell is well known among us as an admirable artist in the vocation he has chosen for his method of expression, that of etching. It is, therefore, with considerable pleasure that one learns the "leisurely preparation" of "twenty etchings in London" by this artist. Of these, only twelve sets will be issued, and each proof will not only be signed, but be printed also by Mr. Pennell, who, in addition, will contribute some sort of prefatory note. The etchings will be issued by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co., and the set will be priced at £50.

The English judges in connection with the Fine Art Section of the Chicago Exhibition are not likely to have an altogether prosperous time of it. Only £150 is allowed to each for travelling expenses, and the actual labour is both tiresome and invidious. The names of the judges may here be gathered together in a single list: for sculpture, Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A.; for works in oil, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A.; for water-colour drawings, Mr. A. W. Hunt; for works in black and white, Mr. F. Short; and for architectural specimens, Mr. MacIvan Anderson, P.R.I.B.A.

The modern passion for brie-à-brac loses nothing of its intensity, but rather seems ever on the

increase—a fact which the two months' auction of the Spitzer collection, which has just been concluded, amply demonstrates. Experts had judged the full value of the collection as something near £400,000, and, in fact, the total sum realised ran as near to this judged value as £365,000.



THE UNLEARNT LESSON.—JUSTUS HILL.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.

An Australian buyer, Mr. George Salting, is generally regarded as having carried off, so to speak, the honours of the auction to so large an extent that it is declared as owing to his personal acquisitions that Great Britain has secured a third part of the objects for sale.



A SIESTA.—W. CHAMLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition, Conduit Street Galleries.



LES VENDEURS DE CHAIR HUMAINE.—G. MELINGUE.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

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THE SKETCH.

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MISS MARY ANSELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. DICKINS AND GLASSE, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

## A CHAT WITH MISS MARY ANSELL.



*Photo by Dickins and Glasse, Sloane Street, S.W.*  
MISS MARY ANSELL.

"Is it true that Toole's Theatre has become an open-air house, since the public removed the roof the other night with their plaudits on your return to the *Wild Duck*?" I asked the bewitchingly flirtatious Nanny O'Brien when I called on her one morning shortly after her reappearance in "*Walker, London*."

"How utterly ridiculous!" answered the trim little figure, clad in a boating costume of a brown holland skirt and jacket, which revealed an embroidered white shirt and black Oxford tie. "However, my reception by Mr. Toole and his company was awfully nice, and the public, too, seemed pleased to see me back again."

"Well, you know your acting of the part of Nanny has always 'fetched the town'?" I observed.

"And it *is* acting, for I am really a very serious person—nothing like the butterfly temperament I play in '*Walker, London*'! Yet my friends say I am just the same off as on the stage, and they can only fancy me frisking about upstairs and downstairs. But they don't seem to understand the grave view I take of life," and a little sigh precedes the glint of mischief which comes into Miss Ansell's blue eyes, and which speaks of the renewed health regained by a well-earned and sorely needed "rest" in its most legitimate sense.

"Now, tell me, Miss Ansell, apart from the merits of your own impersonation and Mr. Toole's well-established popularity, why do you think '*Walker, London*' has been such a success?" I asked, as we sat down for a chat, she in her "cosy corner," over which the works of Robert Browning, "one of the greatest of men," Carlyle, "my favourite author," and Charlotte Brontë, "my dearest friend," preside in the choicest of bindings, while I ensconced myself in a comfortable lounge chair.

"I think '*Walker, London's*' success is due probably to its realism, the-familiarity of its incidents and its open-airness, if I may use the word—it's English, quite English, you know. If you consider, there's no enjoyment that comes up to life on a houseboat. It's so full of the impromptus which make, as Oscar Wilde suggests, the exquisite moments in our *mauvais quart d'heure* of existence."

"Well, what are the specially supreme moments in '*Walker, London*,' Miss Ansell?"

"What! You ask me that? Have I flirted with Andrew MacPhail, my medical lover, on deck, measured my height against W. G.'s, and smoked cigarettes with Jasper Phipps all in vain?"



MISS ANSELL AS GALATEA.

*Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.*

Scotched, but not killed, by this just retort, I asked deferentially, "And what is your favourite brand?"

"Not the one advertised with my portrait, and without my permission, anyhow," she replied, with a laugh. "As a matter of fact, I personally abominate tobacco."

"Now, tell me, Miss Ansell, when the Wild Duck is paid off, in what line you would like to appear?"

"In a character drawn with plenty of light and shade. I should like to pourtray a whole woman, if I may use the term. No one's life consists solely of frivolous moments, nor of sad hours exclusively. As Nanny I am all the while light-hearted, as Nellie Saunders in 'Formosa' I used to be always weeping. Neither character represents life as it is."

"And at the end of the season shall you go on tour?"

"No, I think not. I have arranged to do a little bit of Switzerland. Indeed, I don't care for professional touring. I took round my own company before I engaged myself to Mr. Toole; but it is rather



*Photo by Lassell, Baker Street, W.*

MISS ANSELL AS NANNY O'BRIEN IN "WALKER, LONDON."

disappointing work. Directly you get to know your audience you find yourself due in another town, and your rapid moving on tends to make you inartistically emphasise your 'points' to gain the laugh to which you are habitually accustomed."

"I suppose ludicrous incidents often occur in stage arrangements of provincial theatres?"

"Not so often as you might expect. I recollect, however, on one occasion my lines were, 'Good God, I have shot my father!' but my pistol wouldn't go off, do all I could. This was awkward, as the whole point of the story turned on the shot. Another time my lover and I decided on instant flight, but no effort of ours would induce the door to open. Such things are naturally somewhat trying, aren't they?" she asked, smiling archly.

"However, you can't complain of bad luck, for, although you have not been on the boards for much more than two years, you are already a theatrical celebrity."

"No, no. Scarcely that—I mean as to being a celebrity, but I am buoyed up by what the palmists tell me—and you know we are all superstitious more or less—that I haven't a reverse on my hand."—T. H. L.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

### "THE WORLD OF CHANCE."\*

The young man who makes his fortune by literature is, naturally enough, rather a favourite figure with the novelist. Yet his relation to the literature by which he succeeds seldom occupies any large place in the novel. The reader is to be interested rather in the circumstances or the personality of the young man than in his work. David Copperfield and Pendennis, for instance, take to fiction in much the same spirit in which they might have taken to a good opening in the City. Their work never appears as an integral part of their lives, claiming its share in every experience. We behold neither their desperate wrestlings with that perversity which inheres in all human languages nor their glorified moments of exultant achievement. To them, as to the reader, their work is always a secondary interest, quite subordinate to that which is to be taken in themselves. In other words, they are not drawn as born novelists at all, and are by no means in danger of getting their personal lives swamped by the literary passion.

With the hero of Mr. Howells' "World of Chance" this is all changed. Ray's literary passion is his strongest feeling. His interest in his novel transcends not only his interest in any young woman, but even his interest in that self which is so near and dear to the young man. Everything which happens touches him at two points, as a young man and as a novelist—and it is the novelist who is most alive. Sometimes, indeed, the two currents flow different ways. Ray, the respectable, rather conventional, young man, has no great taste for the society of eccentrics, who, however, are valuable to Ray the novelist. "The debate went on . . . at times it interested Ray, at times it bored him, but at all times he kept thinking that if he could get those queer zealots into a book they would be amusing material, though he shuddered to find himself personally among them. He abhorred all sorts of social outlandishness; he had always wished to be conformed, without and within, to the great world of smooth respectabilities." That little touch of divergence would have escaped a narrator less subtly observant than Mr. Howells, and a more sentimental one would deliberately have left it out. So, likewise, would any less skilful writer have failed in giving either the dreams about all sorts of people which weave themselves in Ray's mind, or else his clear and serious, not to say cold-blooded, view of actual personal relations. The world of real life does present itself in some such manner and proportion to the born novelist, but hitherto it has not been depicted from precisely this angle, and therefore, to readers who do not live in the little world where books are made, Ray's character will very likely seem confused, dim, and particularly unamiable. Their perplexities will certainly be increased by the history of his relation to Peace Hughes, which is as new, in a story, as Ray's own character and as common in real life. Here are a young man and a young woman, each of whom has, at one stage, felt love, or something very near it, for the other. Their regard, esteem, and friendship have gone on growing; to everyone else they appear like lovers, and this appearance, rather than any impulse of their own, brings about an explanation. They speak with a perfect frankness and with a total absence of misunderstanding or offence; they are left closer friends than before, with a mingling on each side of relief and regret. There seems no reason why this end should have come. Ray, meditating afterwards, with anxious and characteristic sincerity, can but conclude that the reason escapes him. "He saw how once it had seemed to deepen into love, and then had ceased to do so, but he did not see how. There had been everything in it to make them grow more to each other, and after a time they had seemed to grow less." "It went through his mind that it would be a good thing to write a story with some such situation in it . . . and it would be very original." Mr. Howells has done it—and it is very original, although, perhaps, every one of his readers has seen some very similar situation in real life.

Thus, out of that modern city life in which some critics behold an ever-narrowing range of material for the novelist Mr. Howells has made a story new both in its point of view and its situation, and yet it is certain that this is precisely a book which will be inevitably found dull by the very critics who complain of the monotony of the modern novel. We have devoted ourselves to diminishing the chances of death by misadventure (including adventure) and to multiplying our interests, or, in other words, varying our events. Moreover, the whole interest of the action and reaction of character has been added. So far from narrowing, the field of the novelist is ever widening. Not only do new circumstances grow every day out of every new invention and every new industry, but new motives and new relations are being every day shaped by our own alterations of creed and developments of character. No, if the novelist cannot show new things to us, the fault is not in his material—it is either in his own dulness or in ours.

But when Mr. Howells' matter and manner have been thus ardently defended candour demands the confession that "A World of Chance" is, in some respects, not the equal of its immediate predecessors. Our faith, for instance, is shaken by a publisher who reminds us less of Paternoster Row than of Mr. Toole in a character part; and we should undoubtedly have been happier if Mr. Howells had not, by giving us the outline of Ray's novel, made it impossible to believe that it was really a good one. The store of epigram and of pungent reflection is greater than it has ever been; but there are none of those vivid moments, those flashes of poignant narration, which mark "Merry," "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and "Annie Kilburn."



A STATUETTE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

Ancient Sleight

## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

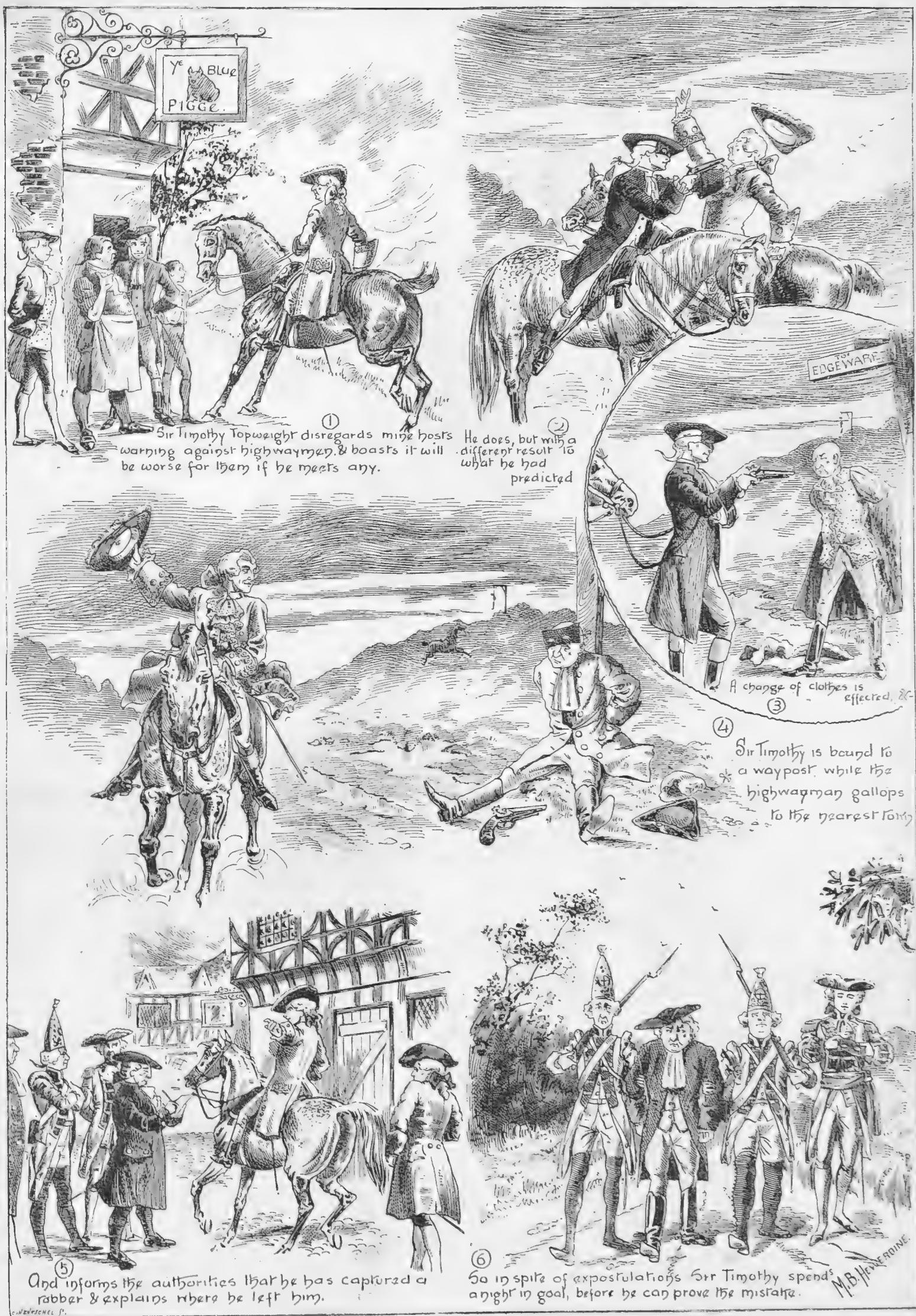


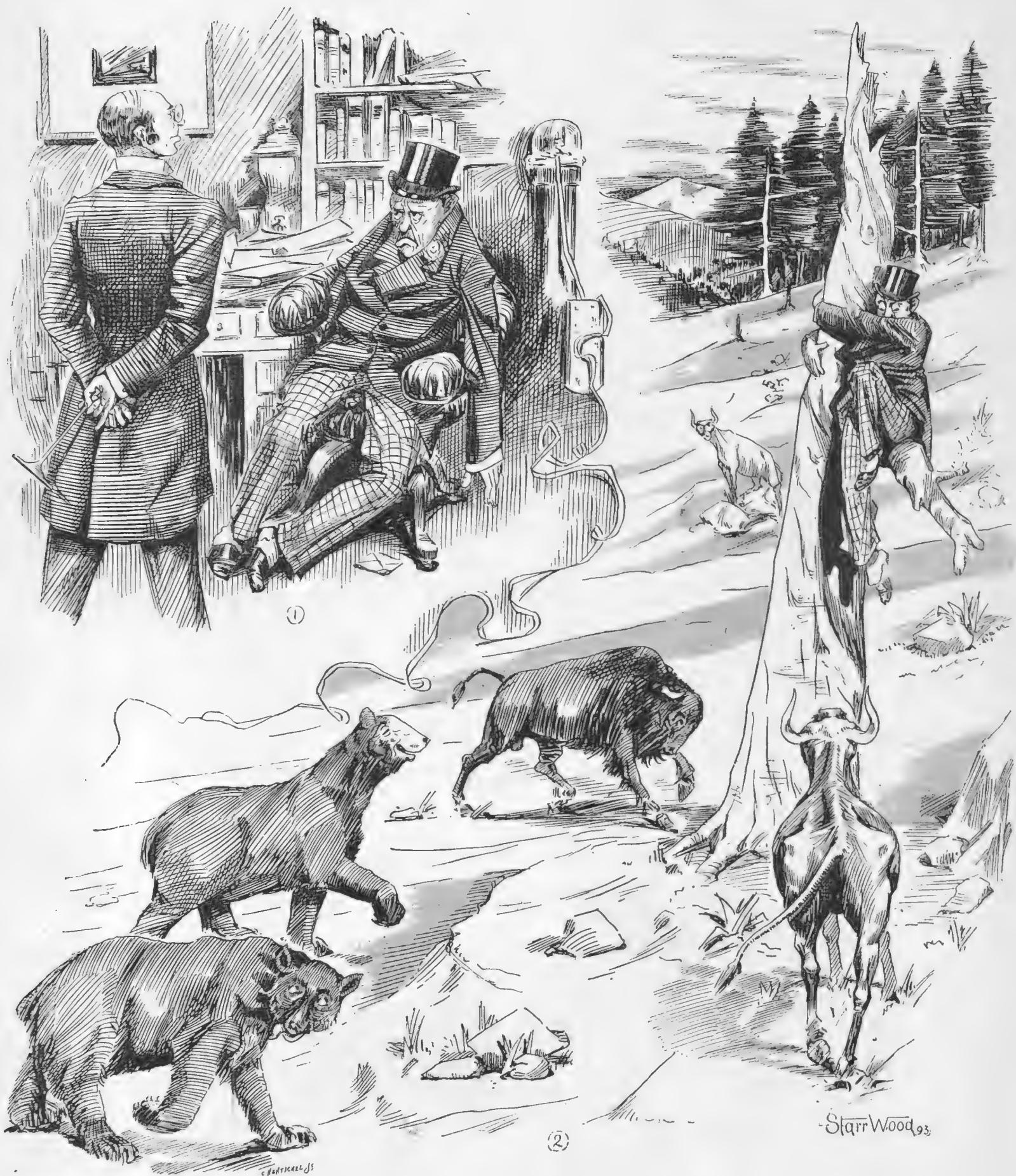
H. L. M. A.  
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"Daisy, Daisy, give me an answer true,  
You'll drive me crazy, all for the love of you."



'ARRY : " Well, I never see sich an 'orrible fright in all my life."





## OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

1. DR. SAFECURE (to wealthy stockbroker): "My dear Sir, this life of anxiety in the City is killing you! Leave the atmosphere of 'Bulls' and 'Bears,' and go right away—say, to the Rocky Mountains."

2. He went.

## YOUR PURSE OR YOUR LIFE—UP TO DATE.

"I offer the lives of two soldiers, one sailor-soldier, and one modern officer," says Ménie Muriel Dowie ("A Girl in the Karpathians") in her preface to the volume of "Women Adventurers." "I regret deeply not to offer an example of a female pirate as well. There have been several female pirates. Piracy, as a trade, should be peculiarly suited to a woman: it gave considerable opportunity of brief, fiery, emotional display; was fierce and dramatic and profitable. Quick returns readily attract a woman." Does not the same hold true of the highwayman's art?—

To-day, when a woman's ambition  
Knows nothing to make her afraid,  
There's scope for a female edition  
Of Turpin and folk of his shade.  
By Nature equipt for the trade  
Which lives by the pistol or knife,  
The latter-day maid  
Should join the brigade  
That calls for your purse or your life.

She'd start on her venturesome mission,  
Which few of her sex have essayed,  
In need of but little tuition  
To flourish a beautiful blade.  
Her skill might be freely displayed  
Adapting the fashion that's rife.  
In jaunty cockade  
And soldierly braid  
She'd call for your purse or your life.

What heart could resist the petition  
Of one in this manner arrayed?  
What gallant would have a suspicion  
The maiden must needs be obeyed?  
Perchance the adventurous jade  
Might ask him to make her his wife.  
She'd surely persuade  
The victim delayed  
To give her his purse and his life,

## L'ENVOI.

O Girl of Karpathia's glade,  
Why waken the feminine strife?  
Why call in the aid  
Of tools that degrade?  
You'll lose both your purse and your life.—J. M. B.



A RACE.





IRISHMAN (to friend) : " Oh ! sure, and Oi 've just done the railway company completely, for Oi 've taken a return ticket, and Oi 'm not coming back at all, at all ! "



HOW THE DOG LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The indefatigable Mr. Thomas J. Wise has just produced through the newly formed Society of Archivists a guide to the autographs of Charlotte Brontë, with facsimiles from some of the many fine letters in his possession. Miss Brontë's autograph is rare, as she had few correspondents, and the manuscripts in the hands of her husband have been rigorously preserved. The letters of her brief married life with the signature "C. B. Nicholls" are particularly few. So far as Mr. Wise knows, there are no Brontë forgeries on the market.

The extraordinary trial of Howland Smith in Edinburgh for forging documents, which has ended in his being sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, is proof that the Society of Archivists has not been formed too soon, and I shall look with special curiosity for their publications on Burns. Some imitations of Burns have been so clever that they might deceive an expert.

Miss Marie Corelli has just finished a story entitled "Nehemiah P. Hoskins, Artist: A Faithful Study of Faces." "The Silver Domino," that clever satire in which Miss Corelli is reported, rightly or wrongly, to have had a share, continues to sell.

The London publishers who have recently been in America do not report so favourably of the American book trade as one might have expected. It seems to have met with a temporary check. But their experiences of America were entirely pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Unwin were specially active in visiting the places with literary associations. They went to Cambridge, Concord, Wellesley, and Manchester-by-the-Sea. Mrs. Unwin, who is an ardent woman suffragist, visited Chicago to attend the Women's Congress recently held there.

Among the recent additions to the ranks of young littérateurs in London is Mr. H. D. Lowrey, formerly of Camborne, in Cornwall. Mr. Lowrey has contributed many articles, signed and unsigned, to the *National Observer*, and a volume by him, "Wreckers and Methodists," will be printed in the autumn by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. W. B. Blaikie, of Messrs. Constable and Co.'s, the "artist printer," has been passing through London on his way to Switzerland, where he goes for a well-earned holiday.

A capital holiday book for holiday-makers in the eastern counties is Mr. P. H. Emerson's "On English Lagoons." Mr. Emerson made acquaintance with the Norfolk and Suffolk rivers and broads in a very leisurely fashion during a year's wherrying among them, so that he knows them with a lover's, not a tourist's, knowledge. There is mild adventure for the mildly adventurous, nature-love for the naturalist, and even the padding is of an easy, grateful substance. The book will serve admirably as a picturesque guide.

In "The Humour of America" (Scott), the editor, Mr. James Barr, has made a very fair selection from what is, in fact, a very puzzling heap of material. His choice has the merit of not being conventional, and it is not fatiguingly uproarious. Some of the gentler humourists, Holmes and Cable, for instance, are represented. Mr. C. E. Brock has illustrated the selections in an intelligent fashion. Already in this series have appeared volumes of French, German, and Italian humour. Presumably, the series will be continued, so that before long we may be able to recognise the tones and grimaces of every country's laugh.

A new collection of Scottish ballads, published in a series of representative extracts from Scottish poetry by Hodge, of Glasgow, and edited by Mr. Eyre Todd, is for those who have not the ballad place in their hearts filled already by Scott's "Minstrelsy," or some other classic collection. It isn't in the least a scholarly or learned book. It doesn't trouble a reader with different versions, and is, therefore, not at all valuable, perhaps. But it is, nevertheless, an excellent selection. Few editors, however much original research they had given to the work, could have made a better. Those who have never drunk at that well-spring of romance, Scottish ballad poetry, should dip in here. They will find unfailing refreshment.

Details are published of the literary methods of certain Germans, better known in their own country than in this. Some of them are amusing enough. Dr. Leopold Chevalier de Sacher-Masoch, author of a great many graphic stories about Galicia, lives at Leipsic surrounded by a coterie of admiring friends. He makes an accurate outline, then pens his novel word for word till it is finished, whereupon it is handed to the printer, not a word being altered, added, or erased. He is not in the habit of using stimulating drinks or tobacco when at work. He has an innate predilection for fur, and declares that fur worn by a beautiful woman exercises a magic spell over him. Formerly he had a pretty black cat that used to lie on his knees or sleep on his writing desk when he was at work. Now, when he writes, a red velvet lady's jacket, with a fur lining of sable and borders of the same material, lies near at hand upon a divan. Although he is ordinarily good-natured, his anger is easily provoked by any disturbance during working hours.

Dr. Julius Stinde, who is responsible for the excellent German satire, "Die Familie Buchholz," never works by lamplight if he can possibly avoid it. He writes on large sheets of quarto size, and never makes an

outline; the compositor gets the manuscript as it was written, with some, but not many, alterations. Whatever is not satisfactory to the author is thrown into the waste-paper basket, which, in consequence, is pretty large. While at work he takes a pinch of snuff from time to time, which, he asserts, has a beneficial action on the eyes, that are taxed by incessant study and composition. When he treats of scientific topics, a few glasses of Rhine wine tend to induce the proper mood. He finds the Johanniskirche, a wine grown at Musbach, in the Palatinate of the Rhine, especially valuable for this purpose. He composes humorous work most easily after a very simple breakfast, consisting of tea and bread.

Professor Fiske, the evolutionist, though an American by birth, is a German in manner, as may be seen from his description of himself: "I am forty-three years old; 6 ft. in height; girth of chest, 46 in.; waist, 44 in.; head, 24 in.; neck, 18 in.; arm, 16 in.; weight, 240 lb.; complexion, florid; hair, auburn; beard, red." He very seldom tastes coffee or wine, or smokes a cigar; but he drinks beer freely and smokes tobacco in a meerschaum pipe nearly the whole time when at work.

Miss Kate Field, an American lady journalist, sensibly prefers the day-time for literary work, for the reason that the brain is far clearer in the morning than at any other time. She makes no outline in advance, and never uses stimulants, hot water excepted.

Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris" is a book that wants a key, or rather several keys, for there are so many puzzles in it. Mr. Le Gallienne has set himself to find these keys, and by a study of Hazlitt's temperament and the circumstances of his life, and by a search in contemporary letters and memoirs, he manages to throw a good deal of light on this strange book, this "document of madness," as he perhaps rightly calls it. The new edition, with Mr. Le Gallienne's introduction and appendices, is published in a charming form by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

The list of ladies to whom Hazlitt was more or less devoted is fairly long before Sarah Walker is reached, the tailor and lodging-house keeper of 9, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, who inspired the "Liber Amoris." Sally, the saucy maid, was but a poor sort of goddess, and Hazlitt's passion was not very divine, but one arrives at a certain kind of sympathy with it as he reads in Mrs. Hazlitt's diary at the time she had gone to Edinburgh to get a divorce: "Dined at three on mutton chop. . . . Returned to tea. Went to bed at half-past twelve."

Not that mutton chops and tea were indifferent matters to Hazlitt. One of the most passionate expressions of his love for Sally is: "The worm gnaws me, and the story of unrequited love and the canker of a hopeless, endless sorrow. I have lost the taste of my food by feverish anxiety, and my tea, which used to refresh me when I got up, has no moisture in it. Oh! cold, solitary, sepulchral breakfasts." "Liber Amoris" is by no means the expression of an ideal passion.

A new literature has been discovered to us, and yet so old is it that it has already an anthology. The enthusiastic editor of "Canadian Poems and Lays" (Scott), Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, says of the songs he has selected that they are "voices cheerful with the consciousness of young might, public wealth, and heroism." Cheerful they are, mostly, and that is an excellent quality. They may not be so "brilliant," so "rich," so "noble," as the editor thinks; but they come as a surprise to ignorant, insular English readers. And why should not Canadians have a literature already with their young, vigorous land, its forest and prairie background, Indian, French, and Anglo-Saxon legend planted in it, and a stirring history as well?

The best things in the volume are not those that are inspired by the past of the Old World. That is a hopeful sign, though there is nothing among the poems of newer inspiration so beautiful as Whittier's "Red River Voyageur."

The best bit of work in fiction that has come in my way for the last few weeks is a volume of American short stories by Margaret Deland, "Mr. Tommy Dove" (Longmans). Mrs. Deland's "Story of a Child," published some months ago, was a surprise to those who had read her earlier work, and one of the stories in this new volume is better still. She reminds one of Miss Mary Wilkins and of Mrs. Gaskell, but of both with a distinct difference. Neither one nor the other would feel aggrieved at being named in her company.

Her power lies mainly in her close interpretation of quiet and reserved natures. And amid the self-repression of old-fashioned New England life and the interior revolts and reactions that it breeds she finds considerable scope for exercising her observation. Mrs. Deland's style is maturing, and in "Mr. Tommy Dove," the best of the stories, it is fine and subtle, but always in quiet tones, in keeping with the gentle, unexacting lives whose tale it wraps about.

Miss Christabel R. Coleridge, whose name is known in connection with some excellent stories, has just issued another, entitled "Waynflete" (A. D. Innes and Co.), which deserves commendation. The life of a boy is sketched with many touches of knowledge. From the same publishers comes a pretty book, "The Voice of a Flower," by Miss E. Gerard, which will give pleasure to many who admire this writer's delicate style.

O. O.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

Let surprises be our stock-in-trade. In cricket it is not necessary to deal in commonplaces. I wonder that a poet does not arise among us to sing the sensations of the present season. He would find plenty of material for the heroic ode, the light lyric, the commanding epic. "Stoddart, and the man I sing" as a phrase would far excel in popularity Virgil's first line. But Stoddart is not the only great man of the day, although he is the chief one. If W. G. were the Homer some people would make him out to be, he might sing his own praises for a hundred years. I am convinced, however, that W. G., although a great batsman, a fair bowler, and incomparable general, has no ear for music. No doubt he loves the crack, crack, crack of bat and ball, and the rhythm of the bellowing pavilion-thunder, but his soul has not yet been strung up to verse.

Assist, all ye Muses, and join to rehearse  
An English sport never praised yet in verse;  
'Tis cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,  
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

I wish I could express half of what I felt in watching the progress of the never-to-be-forgotten match between Surrey and Middlesex at Lord's. As usual, the excitement began on the second day. Prophets who prophesy on the first innings are invariably wrong, and the man who said that Middlesex would be defeated because they were 179 runs behind on the first innings was a false prophet. There were thousands of false prophets, and—must I confess it?—I was one of them. The prophet always leaves one factor out of count, but in the present instance we missed two factors—Stoddart and O'Brien—and were, therefore, doubly wrong.

The story of the match is easily told. On a good, dry wicket Surrey knocked up 287, and on a bad, wet wicket Middlesex replied with 108. Between the Middlesex first innings and the second there intervened the luncheon hour. The luncheon hour in the past has often been blamed for many strange caprices, but very rarely has it got the credit of doing anything good. I am pleased to be able, in this instance, to put in a good word for the luncheon hour. A strong, drying wind swept across the wicket, so that by the time the first 50 runs of the Middlesex second innings were scored the pitch was nearly dry, and playing as well as ever it did. Steadily Stoddart and O'Brien knocked up the first 50, whereat we all cheered. When the second 50 went up we expressed our astonishment in deafening applause; when the third 50 went up we stood in open-mouthed amaze. When Stoddart's 100 went up we yelled like madmen; when 200 went up we said, "It is all up with Surrey"; and when the score reached 228 before the first wicket fell we were convinced that Middlesex could not lose. Stoddart got 125, O'Brien 113, and then Ford came in and made the welkin ring while he knocked up 74 in less than an hour. Oh, what an afternoon!

The second Middlesex innings closed for 377, and Surrey required 199 to get to win. The champions, in their haste to get runs, threw away a valuable wicket when Maurice Read was run out, while W. W., who was largely responsible for the disaster, made matters worse by being bowled for a "duck." Truth to tell, Surrey never looked like winning from this stage, and in the end were defeated by 79 runs. Two years to come old buffers in their armchairs will be telling their children the strange, eventful history of this extraordinary game.

The match for the benefit of Arthur Shrewsbury, in which a selected team of England opposed the Australians, ended most disastrously for the Cornstalks. On a good wicket, the home side knocked up 416 runs. The chief contributors were: Stoddart 94; Palairet, 71; Gunn, 64; Shrewsbury, 52 (not out); W. G., 49. What a wonderful array of great batsmen! Would that one could say something flattering of the display of the Australians. Look upon this picture and upon that: England, 416—Australia, 120 and 143. There, cipher it out, and you find a defeat for the Australians of an innings and 153 runs. Peel was the great instrument of destruction among the Cornstalks, and the way he toppled over their wickets was, in the words of the poet, "a sight for to see." The only redeeming feature of the display of the Australians was a dashing innings by Bruce for 46 and some plucky hitting by Gregory for 51. Except the Australians show a decided improvement between now and July 17, their match between a representative team of England will be shorn of much of its interest.

## AQUATICS.

Henley—Royal Henley—begins to-day. Provided we have royal weather, the great aquatic carnival of the year should be an unprecedented success. Never before have so many entries been received. It will be a difficult matter to crowd all the trial heats into a couple of days, and the chances are that next season the time will require to be extended over four days. No fewer than eight crews have entered for the Grand, and of these there is hardly one that is not first class. Opinion seems to be divided between Leander, the holders, and Magdalen, of Oxford. This season the Leander is made up of five Oxonians and three Cantabs, and though they are going strongly and well, the blend seems hardly to suit so well as when the crew was entirely composed of Dark Blues. The metropolitan eights are hardly up to their best standard, although it is possible that London, with their heavy eight, may create a surprise. The presence of the French crew will impart a kind of international flavour into the contest; but it is hardly expected that the "Frenchies" will come within measurable distance of honours.

The race for the Stewards', with seven entries, should be a good one. It is just possible that the French four may cut a good figure, although Chester or Magdalen should win. First Trinity, Cambridge, look like being returned winners of the Ladies', although New College, Oxford, may push them hard. London will probably win the Thames Cup, and Trinity Hall look a good thing for the Wyfold Fours.

Vivian Nickalls and Fletcher are once more strongly fancied for the Goblets; while Guy Nickalls, who has once more taken to the water, ought to have little trouble in putting the Diamonds to his credit. Three Frenchmen have entered for this event, but none of them is likely to give Nickalls much trouble. Perhaps Farren will push him most of all.

## GOLF.

The open amateur competition of the West Herts Golf Club for a fifty-guinea prize, which is to become the property of the winner if won twice in four years, was played on June 20, 21, and 22 at Bushey.

On Tuesday, 20th, the play was by score, and Mr. Hilton headed the list with a very fine 74. Five players were left in to contend for the cup by match play. These were Mr. Hilton, 74; Mr. Willoughby Graham, 89; Mr. J. Pearson, 90; Mr. R. S. Clouston, 90; and Mr. C. S. Broadwood, 91. In the draw Mr. Broadwood got the bye, Mr. Hilton playing Mr. Pearson; and Mr. W. Graham Mr. Clouston. On Tuesday morning Mr. Hilton won from Mr. Pearson by six up and four to play, in the afternoon from Mr. Broadwood by six up and five to play. Mr. W. Graham beat Mr. Clouston at the last hole by two up, thus being left in to play



*Photo by F. Downton, Watford.*

THE WINNER.

Mr. Hilton for the final. This match of thirty-six holes was played on the Thursday. Mr. Graham, who has never before been pitted against a player of the first rank, was not looked upon as likely to give much difficulty to the champion in securing the match. A crowd of spectators followed, chiefly to see Mr. Hilton's play, and they were rewarded by witnessing a very close and exciting up and down game. At the eighth hole Mr. Graham was two

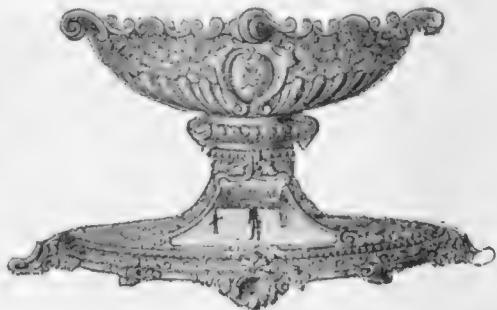
up, but the champion reduced this in the return half, and stood two up on the first eighteen holes. In the second round the lead was gradually increased to five up and seven to play, which seemed to make the match an absolute certainty for Mr. Hilton. Mr. Graham had the bad luck to break his brassie at the fourteenth hole, and

this proved disastrous to him, for, taking another club at the sixteenth, he drew into the long grass, and only managed to secure a half by an exceptionally fine niblick shot. This left Mr. Hilton dormy two, but getting into the ditch at the seventeenth hole, and failing to get out in three, he gave up the hole, making the game dormy one. At the last hole Mr. Graham again felt the want of his brassie, for, taking his driver, he over-drove the hole, and lay badly close to the fence. Mr. Hilton's approach was rather strong, but caught the flag, and lay dead. This deprived Mr. Graham of any chance of the hole, and he lost the match by two up.

## CYCLING.

The twenty-five miles championship of the N.C.U. has fallen to J. W. Stocks, of Hull, a rider whose name has hardly been mentioned among cyclists of the first class. Green, of Jarrow, was second, and A. W. Harris, whose form in the championship was a sore disappointment to his friends, had to be content with third place.

OLYMPIAN.



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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The death of Lord Calthorpe, which was unexpected, is a great loss to the Turf, as his Lordship was a good patron of the sport of kings. He, like Captain Machell, took a great interest in the new meeting at Gatwick, for which he entered his horses freely. Jewitt loses a good patron, but he has some wealthy masters left, though I believe Mr. Warren de la Rue, who spent £30,000 before he won a race, has somewhat tired of the game. Then, again, Lord Rodney has left the stable within the last few years, and also Sir John Willoughby, who, strange to relate, gave up racing immediately after his horse, Harvester, had run a dead-heat for the Derby. I fancy the young baronet, who was at that time fond of making a yearling book on the Blue Riband, lost money; although his colt met with a partial success.

One of the most capable and popular jockeys in the north of England is Seth Chandley, who is attached to Harry Hall's stable. Chandley has an old head on him, and, as he can ride at a feather-weight, he is in great request for handicaps, especially those in which horses are backed by their owners. Chandley rides with great judgment. He looks quite



S. CHANDLEY.

forty, but is not yet thirty. He has strong hands, and can manage almost any bad-tempered horse. At the north-country meetings his mounts are persistently followed by the crowd, and he therefore oftener than not lands the favourite home a winner. Chandley has to travel farther than many of the jockeys. He has been known to ride at Ayr one day, appear in the saddle at Portsmouth Park the next, and then return to the north to appear in the saddle there on the third day.

The Turf has lost some good supporters of late. "Mr. Abington" was, of course, the largest owner, and Lord Calthorpe had a big stud. Now it is stated that Lord Rosslyn is to give up racing. On the other hand, new owners are coming to the front. I am told that Lord Settrington may have a few horses in training, as well as his brother-in-law, Mr. Brassey. Mr. Morbey, the ex-jockey, who races under the name of Mr. Ellis, has largely increased his holding, while Mrs. Langtry is still a buyer. Lord Radnor, Sir James Miller, and Mr. J. A. Miller are all adding to their stables. So the game goes merrily on.

The Eclipse Stakes is set to be run on July 14, and the race will evoke more than the usual enthusiasm should Orme and La Flèche meet. I happen to know that the Kingsclere patrons are ready for the battle, and they sincerely hope that nothing will happen to prevent La Flèche running in the race. On the other hand, I hear that Baron Hirsch's filly has been found to be in form, so the present augurs well for the gate. If called upon to express an opinion on the race at once, I should give a decisive vote for La Flèche, as I think she is quite capable of doing again what she has done before.

The extreme heat of this summer has played sad havoc with some of the jockeys who have been overcome, and I have often wondered that many of our knights of the pigskin were not stricken down with sunstroke. The fact of the matter is this, the jockey's present head-gear is not suited to the powerful rays of the sun. He should be given a veil to wear over his neck, as it is here where the danger lies. M. Cannon had what was next door to a "stroke" at Ascot. The gentleman who can invent a light artistic helmet for the use of jockeys has a fortune awaiting him.

## ALL ABROAD.

Count von Caprivi should be happy, for his appeal to the country has resulted in a majority of thirty-three for his beloved Army Bills. The elections have shown that the Social Democrats are not so strong as they think, notwithstanding that their strength in the Reichstag is forty-four, an increase of eight on the last Parliament.

Paris, convulsed over that find of British documents, has fallen from the sublime to the ridiculous in the discovery that it is all a mare's nest. M. Ducret, the editor of the *Cocarde*, finds himself now in an unhappy position. Norton, his supposed accomplice in the forgery, is an old hand at the game. In 1878 he was convicted of forgery at Lyons.

The relations between France and Siam do not regain a position of stable equilibrium. In Paris, however, feeling on the subject seems to be less Chauvinistic than is generally believed abroad. The Siamese are ready for emergencies.

President Carnot, like Thiers, is to recruit at Marly, which is three miles distant from St. Germain. It is chiefly famous for its château and park, which were once the joy of Louis XIV., but which disappeared during the Great Revolution. M. Sardou and M. Alexandre Dumas fils have estates in the neighbourhood, and the former is a member of the municipal council of Marly.

The English inhabitants of Paramé, St. Servan, and Dinard, the three most important English settlements in Brittany, have just opened a new Anglican church at Paramé. The occasion was especially interesting, as the church supplies a great want to the large number of English families who have settled in Paramé, and will be a great boon to the summer visitors. The building was begun in January, and was carried through by the energy of the local committee in the face of some opposition to the scheme from the residents of St. Malo.

The fodder famine in Germany has become so serious that the export of fodder has been prohibited. This step has been brought about by other countries, which are in a worse plight by reason of the drought, making a run on the fodder of the Fatherland.

That irrepressible Jew-baiter, Herr Ahlwardt, has been sent to prison for three months for libelling Prussian officials, especially those of the Ministry of Justice.

Vienna has been celebrating the centenary of Joseph Ressel, the inventor of the screw propeller.

The Greek Government has decided to enforce the severe law against brigandage passed after the Marathon murders in 1870. Of late years the law has fallen into abeyance, and the brigands have not been slow to take advantage of this. Thessaly and Phthiotis especially have been pestered by seven ruffians, and the Government has now offered a reward for their heads.

One of the latest of the Zurich issues of "Illustrated Europe" deals with Spiez and the Kanderthal, in the Bernese Oberland. Spiez is situated on the picturesque Lake of Thun, at the entrance to the Kanderthal, which, with its lateral branch, the verdant Adelboden, decidedly ranks among the finest districts of the Alps. The chain of lesser eminences, beginning with the imposing pyramid of the Niesen, ends in the background of the valley in a ring of snowfields and glaciers, dominated by the majestic Blümlisalp and the snowy peak of the Wildstrubel. From the adjacent Frutighal, too, one of the oldest and most frequented of passes, the Gemmi, leads into Canton Valais. All this attracts a constantly increasing number of visitors to the Kanderthal, English tourists, in particular, being great admirers of it.

The melancholy surrounding Morocco has been brought home to English readers in a thrilling, or chilling, manner by Mr. Hall Caine in "The Scapegoat." The Howard Association have been memorialising Lord Rosebery on the prisons. The society, feeling the difficulty of interposition in this matter, owing to the jealousy of the Moorish Government in regard to any foreign interference, suggested to Lord Rosebery that a diminution of the evils in question would probably result if he would issue a Foreign Office circular to all the British Consuls in Morocco, inviting them to use their influence as individuals, and on the ground of common humanity, by bringing to the notice of provincial governors any special cases of cruelty and oppression that may come under their cognisance as residents in Morocco.

Lord Rosebery has promised that he will act upon the suggestion thus made to him, and that "British Consular officers in Morocco will be instructed to use their influence with the local authorities, with a view to diminish the grave abuses of which complaint is made."

On one day alone last week the deaths from cholera in Mecca numbered 650.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

## CRIME AND CRIMINALS.—II.

## A CHAT WITH CHIEF INSPECTOR LITTLECHILD.

"Apropos of murders and violence generally, Mr. Littlechild, of course you have had to take your life in your hand times out of number. Have you generally gone armed?"

"No. Frequently I have carried a revolver—it was indispensable; but, as a rule, I have relied wholly upon these"—and he held up a pair of tough-looking fists in a way that promised bad business for anyone on whom they might be used. "You see, they are always ready—literally at hand, and I learned how to use them many years ago."

"Are criminals plucky or the reverse, as a rule?"

"Commonly cowards—some of them beneath contempt. The blackmailer is the most contemptible hound of them all. I have a certain amount of respect for the thief, who, at least, runs the risk of capture and a fight, but your blackmailer is the sorriest rogue on earth. But I must give you an instance of what fear will do for criminals. I was once recognised in Bethnal Green by a poor sort of rascal, who was acting as go-between in a loan-office swindle. That fellow took to his heels, and I afterwards learned that he must have run right away to St. George's Barracks, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, almost without stopping. There he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, and was soon afterwards in India—frightened thousands of miles out of the country, and all for a quite paltry share in a swindle out of which he made next to nothing. But a much more curious example of the physical effect of fear occurred one day when I arrested a man. His face grew like that of a corpse, and he perspired so with terror that he literally steamed like a horse, and his face and head became

enveloped in quite a cloud. It was almost comical, yet very grim and pitiable, like the case of a man whom I rescued from drowning, or, rather, from the water, in the Harrow Road canal. I was doing my best to revive him, but the doctor pronounced him quite dead, yet, although one eye was closed, the other was wide open, fixed upon me with a glassy stare. As a matter of fact, that one eye was of glass, and a more ghastly ludicrous sight I never saw."

"I suppose the adventurer was not only the worst, but one of the most numerous of your late clients, Mr. Littlechild?"

"Yes, he—and she—exist everywhere, and always will. They are the pests and parasites of society, and it seems impossible to exterminate them. You see, they are absolutely callous, perfectly pachydermatous, wholly irrepressible, save by the law, and the very nature of their despicable work frequently prevents their victims from setting the law in action against them."

"What is usually their *modus operandi*?"

"Well, it depends a good deal upon whether they are men or women—if it is not flattering such vampires to grant them any humanity at all. But in either case the first necessity is a gull. As Mr. Montague Tigg says, 'Gulls are always on the wing,' and so long as the supply keeps up, so long will the adventurer flourish. The male adventurer and blackmailer wants unlimited impudence, good clothes, and passable manners. He usually trades upon the foolishness of young men with a taste for 'seeing life,' or upon the frailty of women, often in good society, whose charms are *passés*, but who still crave for adoration. The flashy adventurer, full of compliments and simulated devotion, comes along, and, before his victim knows it, her reputation is in jeopardy. That is the scoundrel's aim, and when he has her so far in his power he makes her pay. Nothing can shame these fellows."

"Not even exposure?"

"Not a bit. It checks them for a time, that is all. I have known

such a man exposed in a drawing-room full of people, and he has quietly walked off, and in a month has been at his old games in a different part of London. I remember another case in which a blackleg and swindler got his talons into a young idiot who was proud to be thought 'going the pace.' So much did he win this lad's confidence that he asked him home—country house, father a typical old English gentleman, and all that sort of thing. Dinner time came, and the butler, who was fond of having 'a bit on,' and knew some shady men in London connected with the Turf, watched the new guest rather closely, and as soon as the ladies had gone out asked his master if he might speak a word to him privately. 'Won't another time do?' the host asked. 'Beg your pardon, my Lord, but I should like a word with your Lordship now; it is important,' whispered the butler, and my Lord gave way, apologising for his momentary absence. As soon as they were in the library, the butler asked if his master knew who the gentleman was his son had invited to the house. 'Certainly; Mr. —,' said his Lordship, rather crustily, for he didn't like being disturbed at his claret. 'I beg your Lordship's pardon, but it is —, one of the most blackguard swindlers in or out of London.' At first the old nobleman wouldn't believe it; but at last he saw it was true, and that the butler had done his duty in the matter—perhaps, at some risk. He went back to the dining-room in a towering rage, taxed the man with it there and then, and all that the fellow did was to get up, make a bow, and get out of the room. For the son's sake he was allowed to leave the house without a row, and a few months later he was carrying on his old profession as coolly as ever."

"Do the women adventurers take matters as easily?"

"No. When they are unmasked they show the white feather and soon go down. They usually commence business with some rich old man, and sometimes end by making a good marriage, but when they fail they quickly sink down, and, after being mistress of a luxurious establishment, they descend to a furnished flat and a hired victoria, and obtain goods from tradespeople on the strength of them. A little later they are in court for robbing their landlady of her blankets, and then it is not many more steps to the gutter."

"And to what class do these adventurers belong?"

"Generally to quite the lower class. One successful scoundrel whom I knew was once a deck-hand on a steamer. The male adventurer is generally the final evolution of a preocious youth, and he is a 'boss liar' always. The female adventurer generally springs from a vain, dissatisfied girl, with a too lively imagination. She is convinced that she was born for great things, and I have known her to cast a slur upon her mother's good name in order to make it appear that on one side, at all events, she belonged to a class above that in which she is found."

"Turning for a moment, Mr. Littlechild, to a livelier subject, what are those clever caricatures on the wall?"

"Oh, they are the work of a brother inspector, Greenham, and are a skit upon one of our comrades, a German, who was told off, when the dynamite scare was at its worst, to protect a Cabinet Minister during his holiday tour in Switzerland. At that time nearly every prominent politician was under police protection. It was a serious time, but even then we managed to get a little fun out of it, as you see."

"Very necessary to cultivate a sense of the humorous, I imagine, as a relief to the constant strain of such a profession?"

"Indeed, it is."

Then, with a cordial tribute to his co-workers at Scotland Yard, and laughingly adding that the public might take his word that "the Yard" knew a great deal, the ex-Chief Inspector said "good-bye," and I left him with the one regret that I could not further exploit the prolific mine of information which is one of the results of his long and honourable career.

A. G.



## MESSRS. HUTCHINSON'S LIST.

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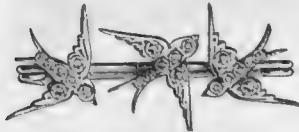
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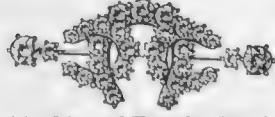
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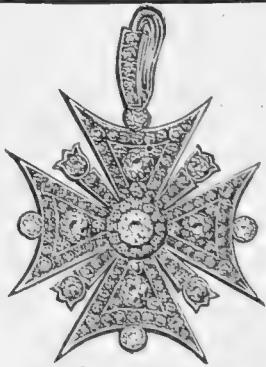
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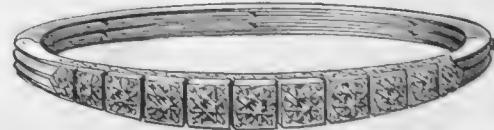


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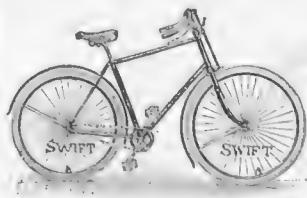
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Again the Parliamentary kaleidoscope has taken a sharp turn. Last week the Gladstonians were grumbling bitterly, almost hopelessly, over the slow progress of the Bill. I really think it was a question how soon the Parliamentary party was to go to pieces. The session had crept on almost to the time when everybody can guess whether or not its whole force was to be wasted, and we had just scrambled through Clause 4, and were facing the pretty prospect of eight pages of amendments to Clause 5. Suddenly the scene changes, and Mr. Gladstone comes down with a swishing blow of the axe. The atmosphere, heavy with the brooding storm, grows thunderous. In a moment the Gladstonians, with the exception of a small, cautious minority, are mad with delight. The Tories are either sombre or furious. All these terms, however, must come with a certain reservation. The anger of the Opposition is much more superficial than it seems. The Member of Parliament is the most human of human beings, and it is not in his nature to break his heart over the proposal to get rid of the most stupendous and wearying controversy that ever afflicted the House of Commons. It is all bunkum to talk of a reasonable opposition. Willingly or unwillingly, the Unionists had been dragged into a position that meant no Home Rule this year, and probably next. There was no end to their amendments. There were a thousand on the paper, and day after day it happened that as many were added as the House was able to dispose of. I do not know that all this was intended, but the fact remained that the Opposition were piling up obstacles to the passage of the Bill. Did they imagine for a moment that the engineers of it could allow that sort of thing to go on for ever? I am perfectly sure that they did not, and in private talk three Tories out of four admit that the Government were compelled to do what they have done, and that their only surprise is that the Premier's hand was held so long.

## AN ELECTRIC SCENE.

However, for the time the passions of both sides have been deeply stirred, and the fact was at once visible in the debate on Mr. Gladstone's Resolution for dividing the Bill into four kinds of watertight compartments, and fixing a day for the completion of the debate on each section. The Resolution was modelled very closely on Mr. Smith's motion for the closure of the Crimes Bill of 1887. If my readers will take Hansard, and follow the debates of that year, they will find the Liberal and Tory arguments for and against the motion very neatly reversed from what each side is saying to-day. Thursday's debate was a very fierce, and, as it turned out, a very irregular affair. The opening speeches were both very good; though in my opinion Mr. Balfour's reply exceeded both in subtlety of argument and effect produced Mr. Gladstone's own oration. Indeed, I have never seen the leader of the Opposition to so much advantage. His temper was beautiful, his manner was most graceful and persuasive; his long argument was evolved with a skill which would have done credit to the Premier at his best. Mr. Chamberlain's argument later on appealed to a much coarser kind of taste, and I am not surprised that a good many Tories preferred it to the speech of their own leader. But in my opinion it was incomparably inferior. It was full of clever elocutionary trick, of flashing retorts, of cutting epigram; but the wording of it was common, the thought was common, the conception was common, and as for the peroration, it was unworthy as the conclusion of any House of Commons speech to which I have ever listened. Its passion, its bitterness was extraordinary, and, perhaps, went beyond what Mr. Chamberlain can usually do in this line. The Ministerial majorities were, on all the important divisions, unfortunately rather small, owing to an abstention or two and a couple of turn votes.

## THE FIRST ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

But the notable fact about the scene was that it led up to the first all-night sitting of the session. The point was a small one. The Government, acting on the 1887 precedent, were determined to have the Resolution carried in a single night. The Opposition were equally determined that the debate should go on as long as they pleased. On these lines began a stubborn and protracted fight, Sir William Harcourt leading very well for the Government and Mr. Balfour for the Opposition. Division after division took place, till one of the most beautiful mornings I ever remember rose in London, and watchers on the Terrace could see the waters of the Thames glowing golden in the early light. Indeed, I remember nothing more impressive than the contrast between the idle passions raging in the chamber below and the quiet dawn of the lovely morning outside. The sound of the washing water, the chip of the oars of the silent police boat, the wonderful way in which the massive lines of Westminster Bridge stood out in the morning sun, these are things which, having seen, one does not readily forget. It was a few minutes to four when at last a compromise was arrived at, the Government agreeing to let the debate go over Friday, the Opposition conceding a conclusion at the end of the morning sitting. Then out streamed the jaded members, their faces grey and pallid in the glorious morning light. Outside the scene was almost as significant as within. Palace Yard was filled with cabs, and a long line of hansoms stretched over Westminster Bridge. Amid a clatter of cabs and a rattle of wheels, with shouts of policemen, and with jest and laughter the assembly broke up. But it was an ominous night and a fateful morning.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Morley, as Mr. Gladstone's Reader in Ordinary, had the privilege of communicating to the House last Wednesday the gagging Resolution which the Radicals have extorted from their chief. The St. Just of the new English Revolution, with his Cassius-like nose and defiant cock of the chin, evidently thoroughly enjoyed his job. From the Opposition benches it was difficult not to laugh at his didactic manner. Mr. Morley, if I may say so, smacked his lips with gusto over the dressing he was going to see given to a factious and obstructive set of impudent Balfours, Chamberlains, Churchills, and T. W. Russells. "Now I've got you," he seemed to be saying, "and we'll have revenge at last for Mitchelstown, and Pigott, and Coercion, and all your brutal six years' account." On the Opposition side there can be no two opinions that from the Gladstonian point of view the move was the only thing to be done if Home Rule was not to be thrown over. But at the same time the plain fact is that this method means a conclusion to all fair discussion of the Bill in the present House of Commons.

## AN INSTRUCTIVE EPISODE.

The inconvenience of discussing the Bill so much was shown that very Wednesday evening. Mr. Fisher had moved an amendment, against which Mr. Gladstone promptly spoke. There was no doubt whatever about the Government opposing it, and in due course a division was challenged. But, meanwhile, Mr. Marjoribanks had made the uncomfortable discovery that his side was in a clear minority in the House. If a division were taken the Government would be defeated. So on the question being put a second time, after the usual interval, the Government assented to the amendment, and, amid great laughter from the Opposition, Mr. Fisher's amendment was carried. Of course, it was "only a little one." But it is hardly to be wondered at if Mr. Gladstone has made up his mind to have a good try, at any rate, to get the Bill through. Discussion brings other disasters besides emasculating the Bill. It produces Wallaces, Boltons, Reeds, Atherley-Joneses, Saunderses, and all the glorious army of wobblers.

## UNCONSIDERED PARTIES.

The official Opposition are, of course, opposed to the drastic measures. And for them Mr. Gladstone cares nothing. But I must say that, at first sight, some other persons seem to me to have been unconsidered by the Government. How far the Irishmen are squared, I do not yet know. But a week for the financial clauses does not seem to give a very generous time to Mr. Redmond as well as all the Unionist financiers, and even the week of the new financial clauses has to do duty at the same time for the schedules, which are some of the most important things in the Bill, and the preamble. Then Clause 9—as to the retention of the Irish M.P.'s at Westminster—only gets a week, and in that week Mr. Wallace and his friends will have to make up their minds on a clause which, for all we know, is to be sprung upon us in a new form any day. It does not give them much time, and we may see some short, sharp work for the Government in consequence.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Barring accidents, however, the gag may enable Mr. Gladstone to get through the House of Commons. But at what a price! I know that it is taken for granted that the Lords will throw out the Bill in any event. That, indeed, is what Radicals are rather pleased to trumpet: for three reasons—one, that they think it would make the House of Lords more unpopular; next, that otherwise they themselves would seriously have to consider the Bill, which at present is not meant to pass; and, thirdly, because it is their great argument for clearing the Bill out of the Commons and making way for real Radical legislation. I do not say that the Radicals are not right in all these points. On the first I think they fail to reckon with the fact that the Peers now represent the majority in England who are opposed to Home Rule. But what I do insist upon is that the Lords will now not be able to do anything else. This gagging of the Commons depends on the assumption that the Lords will reject the Bill, and the Lords cannot do anything but fulfil the confidence reposed in them—this entirely irrespective of the obvious fact that the Bill will go up to them practically undebated.

## THE OPPPOSITION AT BAY.

Moreover, Mr. Gladstone has now to reckon once more with the same uncompromising antagonism, and even the same exaggerated bitterness, as in the period before Easter. He has chosen to gag the Opposition, and he must reckon with every device to defeat his every measure. That this is no small thing Thursday's discussion shows. It was announced that the Resolution was only to occupy one evening, and that the Government, after suspending the twelve o'clock rule, would use the closure to bring the debate to an end. But with a minority numbering nearly half the House to confront them the Government utterly failed to do this. They tried their hardest with an all-night sitting, but the Tories were inexorable, and Mr. Peel had a will of his own. Moreover, their majority did not keep up. It went down below thirty on most divisions, and on one was only twenty-six. It may turn out eventually that other people besides Tories find they are gagged, and they will act accordingly. I believe that the new closure will do the Government just as much harm as it does good. And as for the good, what do they gain? I hear that the Employers' Liability Bill is to be persevered with. But nothing can be done until October or November, at any rate.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I expect that, in view of the all-absorbing attractions of to-morrow's royal wedding, you will hardly have a thought to spare for anything which does not deal in some way with the great event; however, I am going to keep away from the all-attractive subject, as I know that you will be able to revel in the fullest details in the Special Wedding Number of *The Sketch*. And so, in the hope of catching a stray gleam of your notice, I shall go on steadfastly in my rightful path and decline to be led away from the same, piping my humble lay regardless of the blare of trumpets on every hand.

Now, as last week I suffered from an attack of laziness which is only excusable when one is enjoying the delights of a holiday, I will



THE "EVANGELINE" TEA GOWN.

discourse to you on tea gowns, for, to my mind at least, they are invariably connected with languorous ease and restful comfort, and the idea of doing any work when enveloped in their graceful folds seems to me an anomaly and almost a desecration. My first step, therefore, was to find my way to Peter Robinson's, in Regent Street, take possession of a specially comfortable chair, and feast my eyes on a succession of my favourite garments. First there came one of black grenadine with a narrow silk stripe, made with a Watteau back, the loose full front being of chiffon. The semi-low neck was edged with a ruffled frill of the same material, similar frills falling over the shoulders and edging the cuffs. The softness and airiness of the gown were wonderfully pretty and becoming, and the same characteristics distinguished another gown, also of black grenadine, but this time lightened by touches of silver-grey. It had a Watteau back, and a full front of soft grey silk, the gathered yoke covered with puffs of chiffon of the same colour, caught in at the waist by bands of grey satin. The full sleeves were arranged in puffs divided by bands of satin, and were finished off with deep frills of chiffon.

An exquisite tea gown, which I should recommend brides-elect to include in their trousseaux, was of white silk, with a narrow stripe of

pale blue satin. It was made in the Princess style, and was fitted into the waist by being tucked the whole way round the bodice, the fulness where the tucks terminated giving a most becoming roundness to the bust and hips. The sleeves were arranged in two puffs, from each of which fell a frill of beautiful white lace, and the turned-down collar was also edged with a frill of lace tied with a blue ribbon bow. Two deep frills of lace covered the bodice, one falling over the shoulders and the other reaching just below the waist, the outline of the figure showing prettily through the transparent folds. Is not that an ideal garment for a bride? I think that any man, no matter how dense he might ordinarily be about women's clothes, would be forced to admire it.

A very graceful Empire tea gown was of vieux-rose crépon, with a deep turned-down collar of café-au-lait lace, the Empire bands being also edged with frills of lace, and knotted in front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the gown. The full sleeves terminated at the elbow with a frill of lace, tied with a bow of vieux-rose satin, and as a combination of simplicity and graceful prettiness this tea gown was perfection. I quite lost my heart to a delightful matinée, the very sight of which would refresh and cool one on the hottest day. It was of pale mauve French muslin, figured with a pretty floral design in a darker shade, the skirt edged with three narrow frills of white lace. The transparent yoke and cuffs of the bodice were of lace, with insertion bands of the muslin, and over the shoulders fell two frills of lace. The bodice was edged with bands of lace insertion and a frill of the same, and tied in at the waist with mauve satin ribbon, natty little bows of the ribbon being placed at the neck, yoke, and sleeves, with the prettiest possible effect.

And then, because inexpensive things always have a special fascination to my frugal mind, I turned my attention to a stock of charmingly pretty tea gowns in crépon of any colour, made with graceful Wattcau backs and full fronts, confined by a V-shaped band. Over the shoulders fell smart capes, which were continued into prettily draped fichus, both being edged with cream guipure, the same lace covering the collar. The sleeves were full, and the gowns (lined throughout) were marked at a price that took my breath away, it seemed so ridiculously cheap—one guinea! No one need be without a pretty and useful tea gown now, surely. At the same price you can get them in all varieties of cotton crépon, which both looks and feels delightful for summer wear.

For two guineas you could not possibly want anything prettier than a tea gown of pale mauve crépon, the full shoulder capes, which were continued into zouaves, bound with narrow white braid stitched with black, the same trimming finishing off the collar and deep pointed belt and the frills which edged the full sleeves. Equally pretty, and rather more elaborate, was one of pale shrimp-pink crépon, the fulness

caught in at the waist with a loosely knotted sash, edged with a frill feather-stitched in black. A graceful fichu, ornamented in the same way, was draped round the shoulders over the gathered yoke, and the puffed sleeves, edged with a double frill, were also feather-stitched in black.

If by this time some of you have not decided on a tea gown which would suit you exactly, you must be difficult to please; but you have still one, or, rather, two more chances, for I have got two sketches for you, which represent respectively a very elaborate

and a very simple tea gown. One, "The Evangeline," is of black broché silk, the huge sleeves to the elbow being formed of three full frills of white chiffon. The smart shoulder capes and the bodice and side-pieces of the gown are of black satin, with velvet stripes spotted with white, while the loose front is arranged in cascades of white chiffon. The neck, which is cut slightly low, is edged with a frill of chiffon, and the whole thing is a very handsome and effective study in black and white, the richness of the silk and satin being set off to advantage by the airy lightness of the chiffon. The other gown is christened "The Geraldine," and though simplicity itself, is attractive, as simplicity always is—when it is well cut and made of good material. It is of silver-grey crépon, with loose front and Watteau back, the neck and sleeves edged with deep frills of black jetted lace. And now farewell to tea gowns and laziness, for I expect that you have had quite enough of the one as I have of the other.

## FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

A skin like ivory and teeth like pearls are much to be desired, and the very name of the two preparations "Ivorine" and "Pearline" suggest pleasant possibilities in that direction, which, if you go so far as to try them, bid fair to become realities. One great advantage in the case of

*Continued on page 667.*

*By Special Appointment.*

# Redfern

Messrs. REDFERN beg to announce that they are now exhibiting at their Salons, 27, NEW BOND STREET, a number of exceedingly pretty designs especially suitable for wear at Goodwood and Cowes Regatta, to which an inspection is invited.

*Also some RECHERCHÉ MILLINERY for the above occasions.*

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GOODWOOD  
AND  
COWES.

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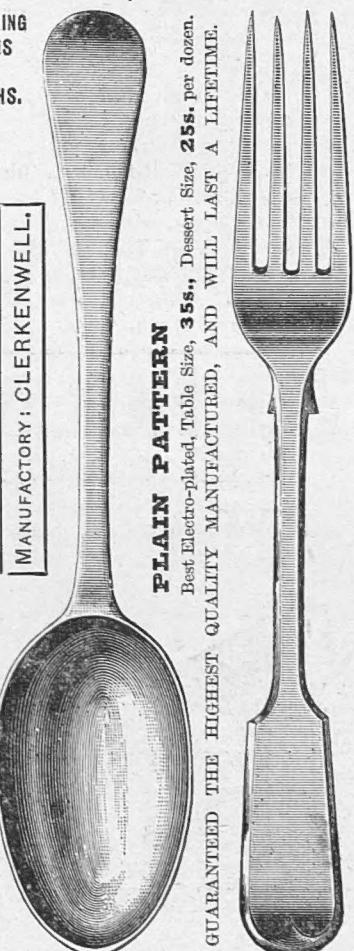


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Ladies' " 2/3 "  
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COLLARS : Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.

CUFFS for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 5/11 per doz.

Best quality long-cloth Shirts, 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 half-dozen. (To measure 2/- extra.)

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11; 5/11 yds. by 3 yds., 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11/12 d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/2/-

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COLLARS CUFFS,  
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Cools and refreshes the Face, Hands, and Arms of Ladies playing Tennis, Boating, and all exposed to the hot sun and dust; it eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion.

Bottles, 2/3 and 4/-.

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An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the Teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the Breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the Mouth, Gums, and Teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the Teeth, and is the most wholesome Tooth Powder for Smokers.

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Desire to direct attention to the few following quotations from their Price-List, detailed and illustrated copies of which will be forwarded, post free, upon application.

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Ladies' Suede Gloves " 6 " 2/9 and 3/9 "

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In Black, White, and all colours.

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THE "GERALDINE" TEA GOWN.

"Ivorine" is the fact that it is not greasy, and its effect upon the skin is really wonderful, for it banishes chaps, blotches, and pimples, and altogether keeps the complexion in excellent condition. I hardly think that I need say anything further in its favour when I tell you that Mr. James Startin, senior surgeon to the London Skin Hospital, has given it an altogether favourable testimonial, mentioning that he himself has prescribed it with very good effect in various eruptions of the skin. This fact speaks for itself. "Pearline" is also a specialty of the same firm (Messrs. Bailey's Toilet Company, Bedford), and can be just as heartily recommended. It is a very pleasant and efficacious tooth-powder, which, in addition to whitening and polishing the teeth, sweetens the breath, as it has a most delicate yet penetrating perfume. Both these preparations can be had from all chemists (the "Ivorine" at 1s. 6d. and the "Pearline" at 1s. a box), so I advise you to lose no time in trying them.

While touching on toilet articles I want to stir up the loyal ones among you to commemorate the royal wedding by using "White Rose" scent—it will be a very pleasant way of doing it, won't it? Personally, I am going to treat myself at once to two or three bottles of this lovely perfume, as it will be such a good excuse to be able to label my extravagance "Loyalty," instead of "Self-indulgence." Of course, you all know "White Rose" scent—Atkinson's, of Old Bond Street, have made its fame synonymous with their name.

## TO MOTHERS.

I cannot at the moment remember any mother among my acquaintance who has not at some time or the other persisted in pouring into my not altogether willing ear her praises of "Mellin's Food," following up her eulogy by producing one or more flourishing children as living examples of its efficacy. Now I am going to have my turn, and to all who are mothers insist on proclaiming the latest news anent this famous preparation for children and invalids. I fancy, however, that they will be only too glad to hear it, as it will bear out their own views and go towards proving that they have been in the right. And what woman—or man either, for the matter of that—does not like to think that he or she is to a certain extent infallible? To all, then, whom it may concern let me proclaim that the following testimonial has been received from her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Germany, dated Berlin, April 14, 1893—

[Translation.]

At Mr. Mellin's request, it is hereby certified that his "Food" for Children has been used with the best results by the young Princes, sons of their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress.

This is signed and sealed by the Cabinet of her Majesty the Empress and Queen. If that does not please the mothers who have been in the habit of using Mellin's Food, and induce others who have not tested it to do so, I shall think that my knowledge of human nature is very small and erroneous. But I have not finished yet. I am going, also, as a parting shot, to tell you that Miss Maude Holmes, the champion five-year-old cyclist, was brought up entirely on Mellin's Food, and that her grandfather, Major Knox Holmes, attributes much of her phenomenal strength to this fact.

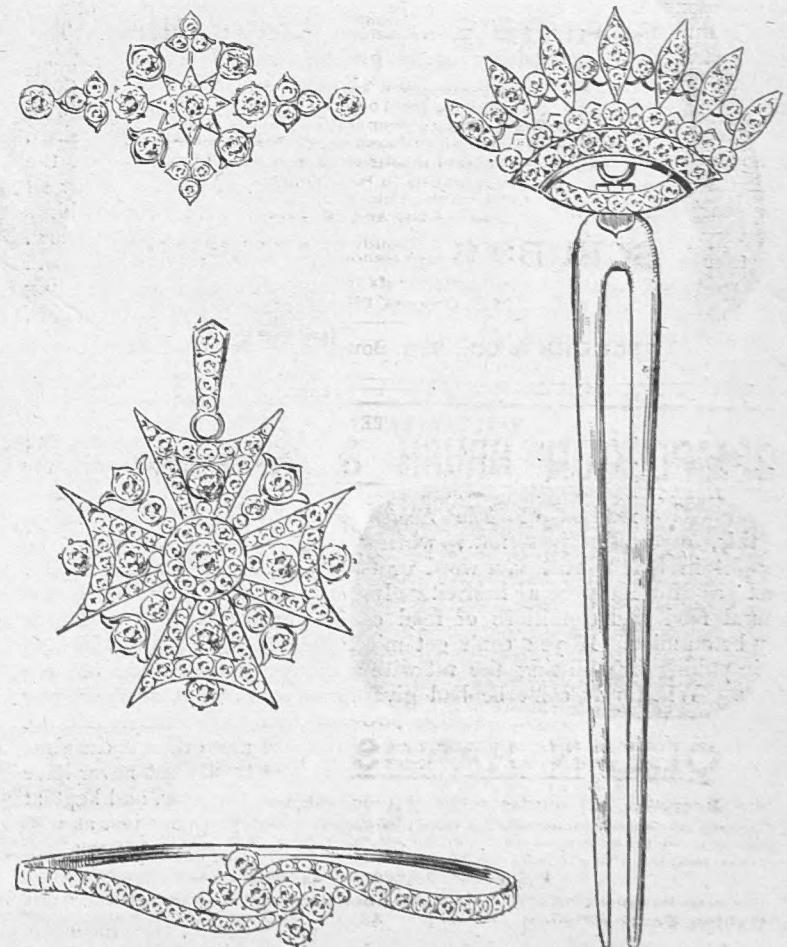
## THE STATE BALL.

The State Ball which took place last Friday at Buckingham Palace had added interest from the presence of two of our recently arrived royal visitors, the Cesarevitch and Prince Waldemar of Denmark. It was a very brilliant affair, and some of the costumes were most beautiful. Lady Abercromby and Georgina, Countess of Dudley attracted much attention by their specially effective gowns. The throng of royalties was exceptionally imposing, and the Indian guests were also present in striking dress. The Marchioness of Londonderry was resplendent with her famous diamonds. Crowds waited long and patiently for a glimpse of the company as they arrived at the Palace, and Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh was much admired. One of the dances on the programme was named after the royal bride. It was the first Court function at which the Duchess of Fife had been present since her marriage.

## NEW DIAMOND JEWELLERY.

When I was at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, the other day, feasting my eyes on the magnificent gems which were specially intended for the royal bride-elect, and of which I told you last week, I did not forget the ordinary everyday brides, who are always making claims upon our attention and our purses. I think, however, that there are very few people who grudge the money expended on a wedding present, for somewhere in everybody's heart—very deep down maybe, but there all the same—is a touch of sentiment which is generally called into play where weddings are concerned. So bridegrooms-elect and friends of prospective happy pairs, come and see what I have got for you in the way of some new diamond ornaments, any one of which would gladden the eyes of the average woman. There is a lovely pendant in the shape of a Maltese cross, and a dainty little brooch in a novel and pretty design. Then comes a beautiful tortoise-shell hair-comb, with a little crown in diamonds which can be detached at will and used as a brooch, and last, but by no means least, a superb diamond half-hoop bracelet. So you who are in search of presents, open your hearts and your purse-strings and make quite sure of giving an acceptable present by selecting diamonds.

FLORENCE.



## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*A Mighty Fish.* They have caught a salmon in Oregon weighing 82 lb. How it was caught the report does not say, but it has been frozen into a block of ice and sent off to the Chicago Exhibition. This fish was caught in the Columbia River. It was, no doubt, taken in a net. These enormous fish are seldom, if ever, to be taken with a bait, never, I think, with a fly. But fancy having such a fish on the end of a line; he would be a very Tarpon. No one who has not been to see can form any conception of the vast quantities of salmon that lie in these rivers of the North Pacific seaboard. You may see as you lean over Galway Bridge hundreds of salmon waiting for a spate. But in the Fraser River, North-West Territory, of which I am especially thinking, the salmon lie closely packed, shoulder to shoulder, in hundreds of thousands. You might, as the local saying goes, "drive a cart across them." This is where the great "canning" industry is. My own photograph of the place is not a very good one—amateurish, and a bad light. But such as it is, it gives the impression of a shallow stream running over a shingle bed, while, as a matter of fact, it is a big, deep river, and every apparent "stone" is the head of a salmon!

*Rabbits.* I wish I could get to the bottom of this. A certain farm of about five hundred acres, the soil partly loam, but principally gravel over chalk, has come hopelessly to grief owing to the want of rain. A good deal of this acreage is broken up by beech woods and patches of furze or gorse. It lies well to the sun, and altogether would seem to be an ideal place for rabbits. And as the farm has never paid for the farming, and never will, as I imagine, I suggested that something might be made on it out of rabbits. For in the neighbourhood rabbits have a ready sale and good prices. Unfortunately, they tell me rabbits "won't do" on it. It has been tried. They never can succeed in getting up anything like a head of rabbits. As a matter of fact there are very few rabbits on the place, not because they are kept down by shooting or trapping, but because as soon as the young are about three-parts grown they become diseased. A wet season or a dry it is all the same—every year the same, they tell me. They have a complaint of the liver, and either die straight off or live on in a wretched condition. Yet the grass is apparently perfect for rabbits, short, old, and fine—good sheep grass. What does it mean? It is true that there is no water on this farm, and, as a consequence probably of this, partridges will not stop on it. But I don't think rabbits require any water where they can get grass. On the sandhills of the Norfolk coast and elsewhere, for example, where rabbits swarm and do splendidly, there is no fresh water. All the water is that in the creeks when the tide comes in.

*Quail-Nesting in Britain.* The presence of quail in many parts of the country this year has set many persons rushing into print. There is always quail with us in any summer. Indeed, it now is pretty well established that a certain proportion of nesting birds do not leave. They remain with us all through the winter, moving down to southern quarters such as County Kerry, for example. Of course, some seasons are far more favourable to a good hatching than others. 1870 is quoted as a very good year, and this, no doubt, is another. This year partridges, which usually have only entered on the "general hatch" by June 20, are flying by now in strong-winged broods. And the quail hatched so early will, no doubt, leave proportionately soon. My own experience of this bird in England is confined to some turned-down birds, and is not encouraging. They nested well enough, and were on the place till about the last day of August, but celebrated Sept. 1 by all disappearing before the guns came out. In Morocco these little birds give very good sport. They fly pretty quickly, and very straight and low, and take a little shooting. I used to go out after them with an old Spanish pointer—old but foolish—for his great game was pointing tortoises—the big land tortoise, which lies about there in the fields. I suppose tortoise smells like quail; but it was extremely trying, after having taken a lot of trouble to get well up to the dog, to find only a stupid old log of a thing lying there in the corn.

*A Beginner with Hawks.* "I have got a young kestrel," writes a correspondent; "can you tell me how to feed it and train it for hawking?" Well, as it is not impossible that some readers of *The Sketch* may be trying their hands at this, especially just now, when young birds are apt to be brought in by the rustics, a word or two here may come in usefully. First as to feeding a kestrel. Imitate as far as possible the natural food and conditions of food of this bird. Feed it as far as may be on mice. If you can't get mice, then rats. Help the bird to begin pulling by splitting the rat with a chopper or breaking the big bones. When rats can't be had give birds, or even, at a pinch, raw beef, but never liver, except a little now and then medicinally. Do not over-feed your bird. Above all, never give the bird more than it can clear up at one sitting. This is the golden rule. The food must never have even a trace of staleness. Brought up carefully in this way, and kept at liberty, a kestrel will become a charming pet. But you may just as well dismiss any thoughts of training it for hawking purposes, for you will not succeed. For this try a sparrowhawk. A well-trained sparrowhawk is a most delightful companion, and has this great advantage over any of the falcons—namely, that you can fly it, as you can fly the goshawk, in an enclosed country.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 1, 1893.

In matters financial we live in days of wars and rumours of wars, for since we last wrote to you not only have Goldsborough, Mort, and Co. suspended payment, but a financial revolution has taken place in silver, the meaning and effect of which we do not even yet realise or fully understand. It is possible that before these lines reach you we may be face to face with further complications—at least, so rumour says—and the value of silver securities is such an uncertain quantity that we are inclined to take a by no means cheerful view of the general situation.

As to Goldsborough, Mort, and Co., you were, of course, not surprised at the announcement in the daily papers on Monday, for we had prepared you fully for the coming smash, which only makes more marked the weakness of the Australian position, not inaptly described by an old gobber, a few days ago, when he called the Australian Continent "one vast unrealisable asset."

The now famous report of Lord Herschell's Committee has at last been made public, and at the same moment drastic Indian legislation has been pushed through the Viceroy's Council in conformity with its recommendations. After the report was signed in this country, and about the time it was sent to India, we were told by an influential personage in the City what its contents were; but at the time we did not know how far our informant was right, and although we acted on his tip and bought rupee paper, besides warning you of the fact that there had been a leakage somewhere, we did not feel justified in making public what we had been told. Now that the very letter of our informant's words has proved true, and it is absolutely certain that somebody, at least, had read and made use of the document itself, we say without hesitation that such a state of affairs is nothing short of a public scandal, and if the Government of India allows the silver now on the way from this country to Bombay to be accepted by the mint it will be one of the worst jobs ever perpetrated, because the bulk of the shipments have been made on what the shippers believed to be good information. This matter ought to be most seriously brought before the House of Commons, and the guilty parties properly exposed.

Apart from all this, however, "What is the outcome of the new legislation, and what will be its effect on the world?" is the question now passing from mouth to mouth in the City no less than in America, and, indeed, wherever civilised men most do congregate.

The rupee is to have a fixed value of 1s. 4d. If anyone likes to bring a sovereign to the Indian Treasury, he will be given fifteen rupees for it; and last, but not least, the free coinage of silver is to be stopped. No one doubts that in India the Government can call a rupee anything it likes, but what we are all wondering at is, how are outsiders to be induced to take it for anything more than its real value as a piece of metal, and why should anyone be fool enough to exchange a sovereign for fifteen rupees, when its intrinsic value is much higher? Most curiously, the ink upon the new law is hardly dry before the Indian Government is obliged to allot drafts below its new minimum, which, to say the least of it, is not encouraging for the authors of the supposed remedy. It is too soon, dear Sir, to tell what will be the result of all this legislation, except that one may be quite certain, as a general and inevitable truth from which there is no escape, that, unless the present measures are supplemented with a gold standard, not all the Governments of India or the world can make men buy a shilling's worth of silver for 1s. 4d. or part with the products of their labour for inconvertible silver, any more than for inconvertible paper, at a fictitious value.

In the House things have been very quiet and very depressed; the public keeps severely aloof, and insiders have grown tired of living on each other, a process which they have at last found out means that the strong devour their weaker brethren. The securities of silver countries like Mexico have suffered very severely, and it is indeed very hard to say how much more they may give way when the stoppage of United States buying still further lowers the price of the white metal. The thing will, no doubt, right itself in the end by the production gradually falling to the level of the national requirements of the world, but, meanwhile, dear Sir, can the silver-using countries resist bankruptcy? The gold premium in the Argentine has been running up, adding in no small degree to the general disquiet, so that Internationals have had by no means a gay time.

Home Rails have been depressed partly by reason of the general distrust, and partly by reason of people who have bought at lower prices realising. The southern passenger lines, in consequence of the change of weather, have also suffered, for there is a general feeling that we may very likely have a wet holiday season as a counterpoise to the late long spell of almost rainless weather. For ourselves, we cannot help feeling that the vast disturbance of the world's trade must injuriously affect the heavy lines, but that Brighton, South-Eastern, and South-Western have excellent prospects.

We should have expected that the certainty of the repeal of the Sherman Act, now admitted on all hands, would have improved the prices of American Rails, but it has not been so, probably because people are very nervous of what will happen before the September Session of Congress, coupled with the uncertainty as to the general financial position when the last prop to the price of silver is withdrawn. If in seven days the quotation has dropped sixpence an ounce by reason of Indian legislation, no one can realise exactly the further effect of the coming American attack.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.